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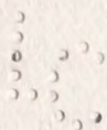


The Originator at Seventy Years.

A BRAND NEW DOCTOR

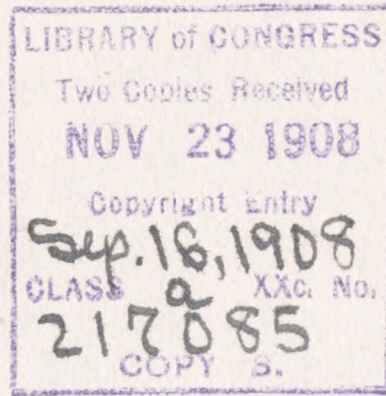
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R. S. DEVNEY, D. O.

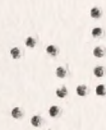


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CHAPTER I

DURING knighthood's palmiest days, when deeds of daring and chivalry were of all things most commendable, in England four brothers resided in an extravagant old castle near the western shore of their continent. They were near of an age, and as sons of a proud old name, kept sacred many generations before their day, they conducted themselves befitting their aristocratic births.

The clarion notes of their hunting horns was the signal for many a day's chase, and the condition of such sounds as attend these occasions, broke upon many a morning's quietude, and were echoed and re-echoed from hill to hill, and many an antler's head was brought home to adorn the walls as trophies of the chase. The boys grew grown, and according to the custom of that day, they must choose a profes-

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sion. The eldest chose the ministry, entered his profession and in days following, became a bishop of great prominence. The second boy became in after years knighted for daring deeds performed by might of the sword. The third son chose to haunt the halls of the old castle all the days of his life, that his posterity might for future generations retain the family pride. The youngest son imbibed a spirit of independence. He believed in individual rights, and when news came to England that the American colonies had rebelled for their rights, he championed their cause liberally.

At that time to espouse a cause of rebellious subjects, was dangerous even to the most popular parliamentarians, and when an insignificant individual dared defy the great principles propounded to the English people by his Majesty, he was placed in a very serious and dangerous position. Having some very kind friends who were obliging enough to acquaint the King of his sympathies, he felt that the climatic conditions were conducive to his departure; and thereupon, he bade his birthplace adieu and set sail for the New World.

He had quitted the scenes of his youth for a great principle. He sacrificed native country, love of family ties, and a thousand cites dear to his memory,

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and crossed the ocean to an unknown people, whom he served faithfully and with credit on the fields of Guilford Court House, King's Mountain, and other hard fought actions. When the struggle had ended and the colonists were no longer thirteen provinces, but became consolidated into one powerful union, destined to live through a domestic struggle that would test every fiber in the band that bound them together for the general welfare, James Moore married Miss Mary Walker, and they located in Western Pennsylvania. This part of the country was the frontier, and many hand-to-hand conflicts were had with the Indians. The sneaking, skulking forms were ever near them, spying upon them, ready to take any advantage they could see.

The family managed to live here for five years, and now consisted of James Moore, wife, boy four years old, and baby one year old. One day the savages fell upon the whole neighborhood, without warning, and many fell under the tomahawk and scalping knife. The family of Moore suffered with the other frontier people and James Moore was shot down, and scalped by the heathen. His wife and children were taken along with the savage captors. The baby fretted and was beaten to death immediately, while the mother was finally burned at

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the stake; her body being horribly mutilated previously. The boy was much thought of among the Indians, and allowed such privileges as belonged to children of the chief. He was kept in the wigwam of Black Wolf, who prided in his little Pale Foot. He adopted him and dressed him in fine furs, moccasins, beads and feathers. A tomahawk hung in his belt of wampum, and he always carried a little gun with him.

Many bloody scalps were brought in and flourished about the camp with the characteristic Indian pride. Black Wolf assembled his braves and had war dances; they broke up camp and went on long excursions; they came back bloody and boasting; they sat around fires and told stories, all of which young Pale Foot listened to closely. The son of James Moore was not now James Moore; he had become Pale Foot, and he grew and grew until he became large, weighing a little more than two hundred pounds. He was tall, muscular and good to look upon. He had learned Indian cunning and endurance, and had become more renowned than any Indian of the tribe in feats of strength. He had seen many white prisoners brought there, but was never allowed to know what became of them. Black Wolf had taught him his artifices of war, and expected

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to enlist him in service when he fought his neighbor, the Cherokee. Black Wolf expected much from Pale Foot, because Pale Foot was large, sinewy and agile and showed generalship. But Black Wolf was too considerate to believe Pale Foot would go to war against his own race, therefore he never allowed any remarks to be dropped around where he would suspicion they were not at peace with his color. However, Pale Foot when returning from a hunt one day, passed by the ground that had been used that day as a tragedy spot. The charred remains of a human being were heaped against a deeply burned stake, planted on a little mound. Indian tracks were everywhere, and around the little mound circled a beaten path where the taunting performances were executed as accompaniment to a dying man's groans of pain. A prisoner, white like himself had been brought in there that morning, and he doubted not he had terminated his existence at this very spot.

The thought made him sick at heart, and he longed to have been to the rescue of the departed victim. With a resolution to discontinue life with creatures so barbarous, and having only hatred for his race, he returned to the village, intending to escape the first good opportunity, but was too shrewd to appear

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other than usually cheerful. A few more days went by and a new prisoner was brought. Pale Foot saw from the excitement among the Indians that something unusual was occurring, and when he came among them, he inquired the cause of so much trouble, and was told that a beautiful girl had been captured and Black Wolf was going to make her one of his wives. Pale Foot's blood seemed on fire at the thought of the indignity and disgrace to be forced on the girl. He went to his tent and determined to rescue the prisoner the first opportunity, if he forfeited his life for it.

When the little family group of the King came to eat venison, a beautiful girl of sixteen summers was there, sad and depressed of countenance, but she brightened a bit in surprise when she saw Pale Foot, another white person. She trembled when Black Wolf came in and set his eyes on her. He hardly moved his eyes from her face during the whole time he ate. The girl never ate anything though the family insisted, especially Pale Foot. Black Wolf addressed the circle thus:

"Pale Foot like Fair Head? She good for eye! She be here always! Black Wolf make her much dress! Sleep heap! We take hands after next sun!"

The girl shuddered and shrank from his direction

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again. As he passed out, she looked at Pale Foot instinctively. Black Wolf seemed to have implicit confidence in Pale Foot, and for a few minutes stepped outside to give some orders. The squaw waiter went after more fresh venison, which Pale Foot schemingly asked for. The moment she had her back turned, he looked quickly at the girl.

“Be wake and ready night! No fuss! Do what Pale Foot say when he come,” he whispered and was again careless of his surroundings.

Long after the shadows of night had gathered and the deep darkness was on the face of the earth everywhere, a creeping, crawling human figure wormed its huge bulk into the apartment where the prisoner was lying between two squaws. She half raised her head, but at a gesture from the creeping object, she lay perfectly quiet. He whispered to her, “come easy. They drink medicine tonight!” At this the girl who had been afraid to move for fear of awakening her companions, gently arose, and the two slipped out and away.

Pale Foot knew his surroundings, and therefore had no trouble getting out without discovery. They tramped all night and rested only when forced to, because of the girl’s weakness. They rested in the

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mouth of an enormous cave, where they cooked and ate some fowls he had shot.

"What your name?" asked the man.

"Janie Rutherford; what is yours?"

"Don't know. I'm Indian name, but white face. You teach me talk, think I'm Rutherford too."

Conversation was rather limited between them because their minds were on their escape. Also his knowledge of English was rather limited. As soon as they were refreshed, they proceeded with their flight. They journeyed to the South, on and on, because they knew the savages would strike the trail the next morning, and would not cease until they came to white settlements.

Evening came and they were within three miles of Fort Snyder, on the frontier of Virginia. The curling smoke from the little chimnies revealed the location of the fort to them, as they stood on the summit of a knob. Not only the town, but rounding another nearby knob, came crouching Indians at a long trotting gait, with guns and tomahawks. Pale Foot pointed them out to his companion, and intimated they must redouble their speed. Away they went around the knob, and down into the flat toward the fort. The chase went a mile before any shots

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were fired. Bullets whistled around them but none touched them.

"You not be 'fraid!" he said. "They won't hurt!" Don't like hurt Pale Foot or Good Face!"

The girl understood. They only wanted to capture them. Her strength was nearly gone and the pursuers were gaining; another half mile and she was entirely exhausted. What could they do? If they could gain the summit of the next eminence, they would be within a mile and in plain view of the fort, and the firing would bring relief.

Suddenly, the girl sank down and could go no further. The savages gave a shout of triumph as they closed in. They were now a couple of hundred yards from the summit of the little knob. The pursuers were also about that close on them. Pale Foot caught the girl around the waist, and swinging her on his right hip, increased his gait until he was climbing the knob almost as rapidly as his pursuers. His breathing became more laborious, but he gained the summit and found the natural arrangements better than he could have expected. A path went around the side of a precipice; a cliff reared straight above the pass, while below, for fifty feet was a steep declivity. Suddenly the cliff passage broadened.

Here Pale Foot stopped and laying his charge to

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one side, he looked back down the trail and saw a dozen savages not more than a hundred yards away. He raised his gun and fired. The foremost warrior dropped, and the others came on with a whoop. There was but one way now, and he stationed himself behind a projecting boulder. He laid his tomahawk by his side and caught his gun by the barrel to use it as a club. He was satisfied they were instructed to take him alive with the girl and bring them both back to camp.

The savages were a little disheartened when they came to the narrow trail by the cliff side, but came swiftly on before their quarry could reload. As they turned the projecting rock, the huge form of Pale Foot sprang out and the gun stock came around to meet the foremost pursuer full upon the chest. Indian, gun stock, and some loose shelf rocks went tumbling down to the bottom.

On came more Indians, and the gun's iron barrel served the same purpose as the stock. Down went Indian and more rocks; but those behind pressed up fast. One sprang at his feet, another at his waist, another at his neck. He flailed their arms and heads and bodies and threw the barrel away and caught up his tomahawk. That weapon descended

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several times before a blow on the head felled him unconscious.

The fight had taken place in view of the fort, and before the Indians could retreat with their prisoners, the soldiers were upon them and Pale Foot and his beautiful ward were saved.

Pale Foot learned English rapidly and married the pretty girl whose life he had saved, and whose love he had won, and went further south, to North Carolina, and lived the quiet life of a farmer. He assumed the name of Abram Rutherford, and the child that blessed their lives by breaking the monotony of domestic tranquility, especially at the small hours of night, was a very likely looking child and was named Taylor Rutherford.

Many days of happiness for the father and mother passed while the child grew and developed all the antics characteristic of a budding little soul. One year passed; two years, then three, and the little fellow had learned to walk, prattle intelligently, and do many wonderful things. One day during midsummer, some nomadic campers were located nearby. They were hidden from view to those passing along the highway.

Late one afternoon, when the Rutherford house was quiet, and little Taylor had slipped out and was

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quite a distance from the dwelling before the mother was aware of his absence, the nomad noticed the little fellow and swooped down upon him and carried him swiftly away to his camp.

"What's that you've got?" demanded his crusty wife.

"Don't you see?" he answered as uncivilly.

"Where'd you get that?"

"I got it."

"Yes, and no end of trouble with it!" You've al-lus had your head set on a trick of that kind, and now you've got it! I wouldn't be surprised no minit to see a sheriff ride up here and clap your hands together and march you off to jail! You'd better ride back with that brat, and say to them as he belongs to, you found him and brought him back, and like as not they'll pay you for your trouble!"

"Much oblige, but we will move from here to-night, and when daylight comes we will be many miles from here and wil stop in just as good hidin' place as we are here. I need a chap and can teach him just what I want him to do when he gets bigger!"

The two argued until the night came, and then took up their belongings and drove into Tennessee, and by traveling at night, no one knew they had ever passed through that section of country.

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In a few days, they were several hundred miles from Taylor Rutherford's parents and the beak-nosed kidnapper bought a small farm, mostly grown up with sassafras bushes, and running briars. The child spent many unhappy days with the kidnappers before he left their home.

It is hardly necessary to say the father and mother of the stolen child grieved long and deeply for their treasure; neither did they leave any undone thing that was likely to bring back their darling. Tears availed them not, but they were freely shed, and the young lives of Abram Rutherford and his noble wife were shadowed for many years.

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CHAPTER II

THE summer sun is burning hot for September. Some cows are shading under the spreading limbs of a huge cottonwood, while the hogs consider a nearby pond the most effective thermolytic agent in their case and churn and flounder about, sending great clouds of the muddy compound to the surface, but the ugliness of the water and the mud admixture is to their liking.

The mercury is hanging tenaciously about ninety-eight degrees. It is two o'clock in the afternoon, and the neighborhood boys are getting a respite on Saturday evening. The cracking of their small guns has already begun in one direction, to be answered in another. Their loud shouts announce that the frog-hunt has begun.

All this merriment wafts over the corn tassels as so much gall to a small urchin in the middle of his corn row, who stops a second and thinks and sighs. He has worked every day this week, early and late, and hard too. Other boys don't work on Saturday evening, don't work so hard, so early, nor so late.

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Other boys sell a pig, a colt, sometimes raise tobacco of their own and John Flynn owns a pony. Jerry Barnett, George Ewing, Sam Curry and many other boys have nice guns, and Clyde Russell—why his stock of parental donations are complete, but then his papa is rich, and I—well! A shout from the other end, followed by a motion of “Puddin” Blair’s sombrero thitherward, was the signal for immediate action. The inspiration was so immediate that “Old Moll,” the plowmare, lifted the plow clear of the ground several times before they rounded the end, and to revenge herself, bit off several corn-stalks to chew along the way.

The boy wonders if he loitered as much as five minutes in meditation. Well, it doesn’t make so much difference how many minutes when the task-master is exacting, unreasonable and unprincipled. Many orphans whose ancestors were reduced to poverty before they had been laid to rest have been so thrust on the cold world, each little life vibrating with the love God gave it, effervescing in its fulness, only to be requited by such cruel returns as the selfish bondsman alone can give. Again, the boy is loth to question the judiciousness of many of Puddin Blair’s acts, although they accorded in full sympathy with the beak-nosed, shaggy-browed, snaggle-toothed,

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florid-complected "Puddin Blair" now rendered doubly florid and severe, as he stepped up to the alarmed boy and frailed his naked limbs "Just to keep him in mind of work."

"Now step up, consoun you, and don't you think I aint watchin you" was "Puddin's parting unjunction as the cast-off moved away, half blind with tears, dust and heat.

His spirit was bowed lower with mortification, not simply because he had been chastised but because he was treated as a brute, and instead of receiving such parental tenderesses and solicitations relative to their child's happiness and usefulness, he underwent 'the Squeer's test' every day of his life. So had been his stormy life for ten long years under "Puddin Blair and Mrs. Puddin Blair.

He was now thirteen years old, and known to be a hard student in the public school. He was a leader in athletic as well as scholastic attainments. It was in some of his athletic feats he had won the companionship of Clyde Russell, who sent for him to come over one Sunday. Clyde had showed him over trinkets, presents, toys, art room, library and last of all a grinning skeleton which he introduced with much formality, stating that this skeleton two years previous, possessinng flesh and blood, had been one of

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his father's employees who had brought him many a drink of water at night.

Andrew McLean never before saw a boy enjoy so much freedom of speech, easiness of manner, or lavished wealth. Still, Clyde Russell knew Andrew McLean's intellectual aptness to appreciate superior apparatuses, and took special time and patience to explain to him many things he had never heard of before, and in so doing was himself received as a very superior personage.

As to the McLean boy's fistic prowess and his willingness to use the same on an opponent's physiognomy, there was no doubt, and his anatomic arrangements were just such as to render *hors de combat* any contender of the juvenile kind. This particular point had been more than once demonstrated to both rustics and urbies. He had been shunned as a nobody in the district school, until being forced to fight or to retreat one day, he had dispossessed Charles Rains of an exceeding quantity of blonde hair stationed on the extremely elevated portion of his craniotomy. This incident was accepted as an accidental sally on the part of the besieged, wholly out of the ordinary and happening once in a lifetime with a boy of such small moment. But not so the victor. He had

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tasted supremacy once at least, if in nothing more than a hair-snatching duel. There was an innate element declaring his equality to any, and a burning desire to force recognition of the same qualities from his companions. He had already acquired a distaste for future nonentity, so it is needless to say he lost no time in instating himself thoroughly in the respect of his comrades, and in lieu of a sneering remark a few days later, he downed his tormentor and throttled so vigorously that interference was highly appreciated by the aggressor, who was as completely surprised as routed. Again he had one day called to halt a town bully, who had been accustomed to "run the green off of hay-seeds." These little affrays had happened in the presence of many boys, and had commanded for him a position of respect and admiration from them that nothing else would have secured under the circumstances.

Clyde Russell cultivated this boy's friendship because of his ability to appreciate the elevation which wealth gives thereby feeling himself no ordinary factor of terrestrial existence, and at the same time, at their age, not to any degree degrade himself socially. Of course when he grew to be a young man of society, Andrew McLean would be so completely absorbed in oblivion, that the world would

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never know they had met. Just so do young adventurers speculate before launching their small crafts on Life's uncertain seas.

If the clear eye of Youth could penetrate that ethereal haze of future, which confronts every explorer, or could many, matured in years, yea, even the grey hairs coming to 'the Great Crossing,' many many consummated plans, bringing sorrows would be reversed insomuch that the Paradise known to ancients would be regained within a twinkle and God's plan of punishment for the wicked would be thwarted.

"Well, Andy, I'm going to college tomorrow, and will be gone four years, Papa says, before I can come back! Aint that a long time? I don't mind it a bit—only Annis! You know we will miss each other lots. She has got to be right pretty, and I don't care if the old folks are willing, they aint no more willing than I am. I don't believe they could find another girl as pretty anywhere. If she keeps on for four more years, won't she be a peach? Will you go over there, and tell her I am coming to see them all tonight? 'Guess you aint going back that way? Well, all right. I'll drive over anyhow. I am always welcome at any time. If you will not stay for supper, with us, I will say, Goodbye! Learn

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all you can and when I come home from college, I might go into business and need a clerk or secretary or something, unless I take the course in medicine. Still, I don't know whether Puddin Blair would consent or not!"

The two boys separated; one to gloat over his advantages which he felt sure he was entitled to, while the other brooded over the misfortunes that are the inheritance of the poor orphan.

As for Annis Gray, Andrew McLean knew she had been in Clyde Russell's company, but then, there he had also been standing shoulder to shoulder; and the three had contested for a reward offered for highest standing in class work at the end of the session, which Andrew had lost to Annis only because "Puddin" Blair had often kept him at home. During those days, Annis Gray had smiled on Clyde Russell and Andrew McLean with equal childlike approval of favorites. Clyde Russell had, for some time known of some family connection between the families of Gray and Russell, which the Russells hoped to band closer when the two young people grew up. Annis knew nothing of this, neither had Andrew until as much had been intimated by Clyde to-day.

He pondered much over the patronizing manner

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of Clyde toward him, and the air of levity he assumed in handling sacred subjects. He dared not dwell on the disgusting proposition that he become messenger boy for a—"Well, no! He's no rival of mine!" he soliloquized, "What's Annis Gray to me, a mere nobody?" What way have I ever to achieve sufficient prominence to command the attention of one so proud?" Again, that "Puddin's" face flashed before him, and he realized it a great barrier between himself and success, and knew that the longer he remained the subject of such degenerate people, so long was he to be handicapped.

But where should he go and what should he do? Anywhere to be rid of that beaked-nose! He would expect no promotion on a farm. He would not subject himself arraigned along side with colored labor, because it would be disgraceful, but was ready to consider any honorable work. The city struck him as holding out many inducements. Yes, that was where he would go.

CHAPTER III

A WEEK later, and two knights of the highway by chance were wending their way to a railroad station in hopes of securing a couple of passes through the inability of the ticket puncher's line of perspective being in their own particular direction; neither did they dwell on preference of passenger cars to freight. Either would be a god-send. To harmonize the transportation with the transported a freight loaded chiefly with cattle and wheat was waiting for them. One, a boy, apparently fourteen years of age, climbed under the cars unnoticed, but the other, obese and very plethoric was spied out by a trainsman who dislodged him. This was only the beginning of a series of military movements, displaying to those present the perserving spirit of an American charge on the fortified position of an enemy, and also the stubborn resistance that an American makes when assaulted.

The train was started up again, and the persistent passenger warned to stay off until he could produce evidence requisite to his being served. Again the

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train was stopped, and the obese one ordered out. Finding others *nil*, by this time, the brakeman began a course of execution that ended in his complete mortification. In the process of dislodging the gentleman of the fatty kingdom, two forks of the posterior region of a much faded coat—having other ancient pretensions also—afforded the most formidable points of attack, and laying zealous hold here, he threw with a surge, his own avoirdupois, in a very different angle from that occupied by the all-possessed passenger. There would have been some tug of war terminating probably with the use of a derrick but the seams holding the coat together had served their day and refused to work overtime. A sudden resolution of the threads left the same obstinate passenger sitting the rods with the same complacency, while the disturber of “pacifics” fell many feet backward, landing supinely. So incensed was he at this role he had unintentionally assumed, he ducked under the car and came up close to the “hang-dog proposition.”

“You aint got any right here at all, but keep quiet and give me fifty cents and ride on!”

“ ’Haint got it to spare, Cap!”

“Then give me a swig from that bottle!”

“ ’Haint got that neither!”

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"Then, what in the thunder are you traveling on?"

"Get off!"

"My face is my pass, Cap, and you might as well go away and let me alone!"

"I believe you, but anyway I'll have to punch your ticket!" With that he viciously uppercut the plethora's proboscis, the prominence of that member inviting more specially such emphasis on his part. This seemed to appease him, for he immediately waved the cars into action, while the plethoric one continued to sit, though it can hardly be said with as much complacency as before, for as he afterwards said, his nose probably bled on a million crossties.

The small passenger was treated to a few more stunts done by his traveling companion. Being tired of riding on two-inch rods, he came out and took berth in a car of cattle. Once the cars were in motion, he was stepped on and jammed to such an extent he began to repent the day he was born, but ingenuity came to his relief. He scrambled on the back of the fattest steer he could secure, and was again sitting the picture of comfort.

The journey continued for more miles and brought with the miles more trials for the obese one. At three different stations had crowds gathered to closely scrutinize the unusual spectacle of a passenger sit-

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ting astride a very tired steer. Another unexpected disagreeableness was, he had become very tired and sore of sitting. It had become unendurable. He got off and thought to find better fare in a car of wheat, but when the car began to move, he began to sink, and oh horrors! how cold! He must come out from there, so he came back and rode the spine of another steer the remainder of the journey, his favorite being disqualified for further service.

At last they entered the suburbs of a city, and a little later dismounted from their respective berths and together pedestrianed into the human tide that flows the streets and avenues of every city; flooding here, now, to break and flush some very distant part next; struggling and surging most vigorously where the greatest number of individuals pass at one time, each intent upon hurrying to a different point from the other.

An hour later and the boy and man were so completely swallowed up by the gaping multitude that they could not possibly have emerged anywhere near their entrance. They were going, they knew not where. They must find some cheap quarters for the night's lodging. They had been warned to move on and not stop on the street corners by one policeman, while another one would have arrested them

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on the charge of vagrancy, but finding that they possessed more *specie* than himself, he immediately withdrew such intentions.

A large sign across the street, reading BOARDING HOUSE arrested their attention. There they went. A little dark-complected woman nearly forty years old, engaged them a room, and bade them good night.

"I'll tell you I've been a riding some," began the heavy-weight. "No, you can use the chair," as the boy offered him the only seat in the room. "I think I've been settin about enough for one day. I'll have to stand up when I aint alayin down for a week or so, till these galls get well I reckon. I told that fool I wouldn't turn loose them rods, and I guess he found out I was a man of my word. And them fools gatherin around me and hollerin like they hadn't seen me for a long time. 'Reckon they wasn't use to seein a fellow fittin himself to the occasion. Some don't know much. They aint no good generals. They don't know a right smart brave man'll back off an fight another day, ruthern get his head tore off, fur instance that old parrot-faced man that was beatin you when I come along. Wasn't he a peach to look at—specially when I got done remodeling him. Gosh! he had a bloomin nose! Taint so little now

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neither! I wish he was here this minit! I'd like to have just one more fall out of that ham-face. Taint entirely quit hurtin yet where he gouged my ribs! but that's all right' I hit him a sock-dolager right on that bloomin beak. That reminds me, that crazy railroader cracked me one under them rods too. But I won't forget him, and I may catch him sometimes when he's wantin to go somewhere, and I'll just send him on with a chug like that one he give me. Just ruined my coat, too! No, I won't forget him. But I s'pect he wished he'd let my coat alone too, about the time he hit the ground, Ker-chug!"

"Yes, I suppose he did," ventured the small boy, who was Andrew McLean, just venturing into the world alone at the age of fourteen years. Early that morning, a traveler passing his home, had seen a very disagreeable looking man abusing his boy, who after unduring much had rebelled, and was doing his best in the melee that followed. The traveler went to the boy's assistance and the two together bound their antagonist hand and foot with a plow-line, and a very large bandana stuffed in *fauces* served as voice obstructor. Leaving their adversary reduced in this manner, the two had lost no time as we have seen. John Dudgeon, had divided his purse—five dollars—

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equally between themselves thus becoming reduced to the same plane of poverty.

Andrew McLean's hopes were centered in securing a position with some institution of education, where he could attend college. John Dudgeon thought to get employment with a broom factory.

They retired, and the man was immediately asleep, while the boy lay awake until late in the night. They breakfasted early next morning and went directly in search of work. Noon-hour found John Dudgeon employed at reasonable wages, while Andrew who had applied at several colleges had been unsuccessful. They had no demand right at that time for a boy. His quiet manner at meal caused his friend some concern. "That's all right, boy. I made enough for both. Don't you bother! As long as there is puddin for me, there's pie for you!" "Yes, but I must not look to anyone else for a support. I left home to earn my own way in the world, and I must have work, if it is just drawing water until I get promoted.

A whole week went by and the lad had met the same rebuffs. He learned to expect the very reply he always received before he made application. His hands were rough, his complexion tanned, his movements inelegant, and upon the whole, he was con-

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sidered an inexperienced country boy, too young to hold an office of trust.

The little curly-haired landlady had already recognized her payee for boarding accommodations, in John Dudgeon, and directed her complimentary respects accordingly. Many bewitching smiles were tendered the broom man, and many special dishes were handed him with "Mr. Dudgeon have this dish." and "Mr. Dudgeon, have the other dish." In all these overtures the senior companion gloried and fairly bubbled over. He was specially happy when the widow used him as dynamo for her new lawn swing. This was a very delectable device, just large enough for two, therefore, considering the excess of adipose tissue John Dudgeon possessed, no doubt there would have been a feeling of discomfort in his and the widow's occupation of that swing at the same time, but they were not cognizant of environments; the elixir of Love infused by Cupid completely abstracted the victim from the field of reality to the panoramic paradise of the gods. Poor little curly-head! Who could have resisted such shafts from so seductive a suitor, possessing the qualities of roundness, redness and aggressiveness? Life was made worth while in that swing with the little curly-headed one slightly congested while the one of per-

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fect rotundity sat the usual calm of his nature. Like a pond or small lake protected from winds, dipping so deep down into surrounding hills that to disturb its serenity you must throw a rock into it; such was the tranquil surface John Dudgeon presented; but break into the mild tenor of his life with an affront and a mountain lion would not forsake his lair with more ferocity.

CHAPTER IV

THREE weeks had expired, and Andrew McLean continued a street waif. He had met the wise boys and they had talked to him long enough for him to hear their process of existence and receive an invitation to join them, but that particular class of adventure was not his ambition. He told them he would rather go down to his grave "unwept and unsung" than to live so dishonorably. But what would he do? The day had been dying beautifully, though still intensely hot. Fifteen minutes more and the sun would have retired from view after having exhibited an open countenance for twelve long hours. He now squatted on a deep, dark bank, and shot his farewell darts at an almost parched orb, infested by animate beings whom he had held hypnotized so long. Presently the mountainous body in the West had entirely obscured the magnetic face and a low rumbling could be heard in the distance, portentous of a natural disorganization of heavenly elements. The city was picturesquely located. On three sides were the plains; and on

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the other side the knobs reared up and up until within a few miles, mountains loomed magnificently; some coming to points while others were ridge-like, altogether spectral and bluish of caste. A little river bed wended between these hills and hillocks and descended on the city with great force because of the great fall. A dam had been constructed just before it tumbled down into the plains. The obstruction was made for its great use to the town, and was built strong, but the many short tributaries were raipds and the main bed soon filled and frequently flooded the lowlands; still, the inhabitants of the city never thought once of their danger. Some were visiting there, and others had gone away on the same mission. Some were reveling in debauchery, some counting the rosary; some counting loss; some gain, and many wrapped in slumber from which a number never awoke. The rain had begun at eight p. m. and continued until eleven, at which time came a cloud-burst in the knobs. The river channel had already filled, and now came a fierce torrent down the gorges, into the narrow main channel, converting it into a terrible seething cauldron, churning, wrenching, and carrying everything irresistably before it, gathering its full strength to center on the dam. The dam was no more than a

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reed in the wind. It cracked in a million places and was swept into as many fragments. The torrents tumbled down, spreading over much of the city. As the billows rolled on, carrying many whole families, many were the struggles for human existence. A house identified as a parsonage, containing a lone boy and a dog, was shouted at, pelted with stones; still Morpheus rocked the occupant until the water, rapidly rising, swept it off into that awful mid-stream current, from which none ever survived. A few days later the preacher's son was picked up down stream, clutching a small bush, cold and stiff, while his faithful dog had forsaken life that he might die by his master's side.

Many houses on the stream's edge were so slowly drawn into that vortex that the inmates were awakened and rescued, while other houses were lifted clear from their base in one hungry swirl, and the aroused inmates having lighted lamps were seen and heard floating down stream to an unknown destiny. An eminent physician just returning home in the dark, struck a light and found he was standing on the exact spot where his home had stood: not even a foundation stone marked the dearest place on earth to him, and out there in the dark could still be heard the angry swirl of the receding channel

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waters that had robbed him of all that made life dear to him. Somewhere in the distance he could see in his mind's eye his magnificent building crash against a jutting point of a bank cliff and tear into many parts, each part to go billowing farther down the stream laden with a member of his family, searching a place sacred enough to yield back to God the life He had breathed into it. Many had lost their lives in this great calamity. Hundreds had gathered on the shores while people and things were afloat—the living hoping and struggling to be landed before being submerged. Deeds of heroism were performed and forgotten. All true hearts braved something.

A cottage boarding-house stood on the brink of that churning swirl, not directly to be affected by the current but in eddy water eight feet deep. All the inmates had escaped except one gentleman who was a little heavier than ordinary. He had awoke only when the water had arisen horizontal with his respiratory organs. With a snort and a bound which sent the adjacent waters foaming, he landed out in the middle of the room. It was too late now to speculate on etiology, or to prognosticate results. He must act at once and with spirit. He jerked a railing loose from the bed and converting it into a

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battering ram attacked the door panels so vigorously as to induce great beads of perspiration, and at the same time reduce to powder every foot of material preventing his egress. He found the door jugged against a bank, and was forced to try something else.

The situation was becoming serious. The water was chin deep, and he was forced to swim. A new swimming record would have been established had he not been so confused that his miles could not be registered; nevertheless, whether it was his intention to establish that record or to keep busy until something unforetold happened, either favorable or unfavorable, he continued his hydraulic performances until fatigue and hunger overtook him. His culinary propensities being abnormally developed, an irresistible desire possessed him to replenish his gastric voidness. In quest of the same he swam by a large safe, which extended almost to the ceiling and spying a large morsel of beef within he discontinued his extreme exercises and delivered himself to his ruling indulgence, *Gourmand*. In a few minutes he had possessed himself of the coveted meat, mounted the summit of the safe, and sitting half-bent, was soon munching away, very systematically. Having appeased his appetite, the spirit of resigna-

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tion and love for mankind, and things in general, pervaded his mechanism, insomuch that an hour later, when the waters had greatly receded, and a company of rescuers had come to the window and looked in they found him sound asleep, sitting on the edge of the safe, as one enjoying a respite after a hard day's labor and expecting nothing more than to resume the strife at the awakening cry of chanticleer. When they raised the sash and called to him he was so startled that he immediately quitted his dormitory and plunged headlong, and was suddenly lost to view. However, his late quarters were not so highly enjoyed as those from which he had just quitted, consequently his callers were not surprised to behold the parting of the waters and the reappearance of the rather unfortunate one. The little curly head had come along as one of the rescuers, and was among the first to embrace her heart's idol.

"Poor Mr. Dudgeon! Had you been up there all this time between that horrible safe and the ceiling?"

"Well, no. Not exactly. I reckon you'd a-seen some right purty swimmin' if you'd a happened round here a while ago!"

"Why, where were you swimming? Don't tell

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me you were in that awful water to save some one else's life when you might have lost your own! Noble Mr. Dudgeon!" And he was the recipient of several very affectionate love taps. He looked a little confused and replied:

"Well, I dont know about them there other folks. I reckon I had about enough to do in this house. I was swimming for dear life till I smelt that piece of beef—come to think of it now, I might have been settin' on that old safe all the time, but then I reckon I might have been taken a little sudden like. Still, I needn't have got off there so confoundedly quick neither. Where is Andy?"

"Oh, Mr. Dudgeon, he would go out there in that awful water to a family of people whose house caught in some trees. There was a gentleman, too, and a daughter, and they called for help. The boys were about fifteen and thirteen years old and the girl about eleven. Their mother fell out and was drowned right there before their eyes. Two men held a rope tied around Andy and he went in above them and dashed whirling out to that house, and tied them one at a time to that rope and the men pulled them ashore. He stayed last and the house had begun to give way when he seized the rope and wound it around his body. As they pulled him

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ashore, a floating plank struck him, and he was carried to the hospital. The man whose family he saved is rich and will adopt Andy as one of his family," he said.

"Hurrah for Andy! I'll go over to see him right now!"

John Dudgeon found Andrew McLean a little bruised, with nothing serious resulting.

"Somebody said you was dead."

"Yes, so did I also hear that, but knew it wasn't true when I heard it, didn't you?"

"I didn't exactly know; I was blue about it, anyhow. I knowed you'd been blue 'bout gettin' no work, too, though you oughtn't to be so particular about that. I think if you had just one solid hour's work like I had down yonder you'd have your mind set on something better. I was right down busy for a while tonight!"

"What have you been doing John?"

"Me? Why, I done lots of destruction, but I was forced to, you see. It wasn't my wish but I had to smash into smithereens that door, and tore up our bed and turned over the safe and maybe more, but you jest tell the little woman I never meant to do it. That water was coming after me all the time and I had to swim the peardest kind

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every minnit. Guess there would have been some talkin' by now 'bout my swimmin' sure nuff, but bless my smell and taste, even during the hour my body was bowed down under the grief and strain of hard work. They whispered little words to me that caused me to change my whole campaign. A man's appetite is a great blessing. Mine has done me a power of good."

"Why didn't you call some one?"

"Didn't I? Every time I 'swum by one of them windows I hollered and waved and some fools on the shore stood there and stared and pointed. I knowed from their looks they was afraid of me. I reckon they thought I was actin' kinder queer."

At this juncture Mr. Wilhelm and son entered and rushed to Andrew, who was sitting up with his head bandaged. Andrew recognized two of the family whose lives he had saved from the waters, and held out his hand to them. He was warmly received, and they were very much relieved to know he would be out next day.

"My dear boy, we shall come to take you home with us; our home shall be your home as long as you live if you wish to make it so. At any rate, you must go and see how you like it."

"I don't want any reward for doing my duty to

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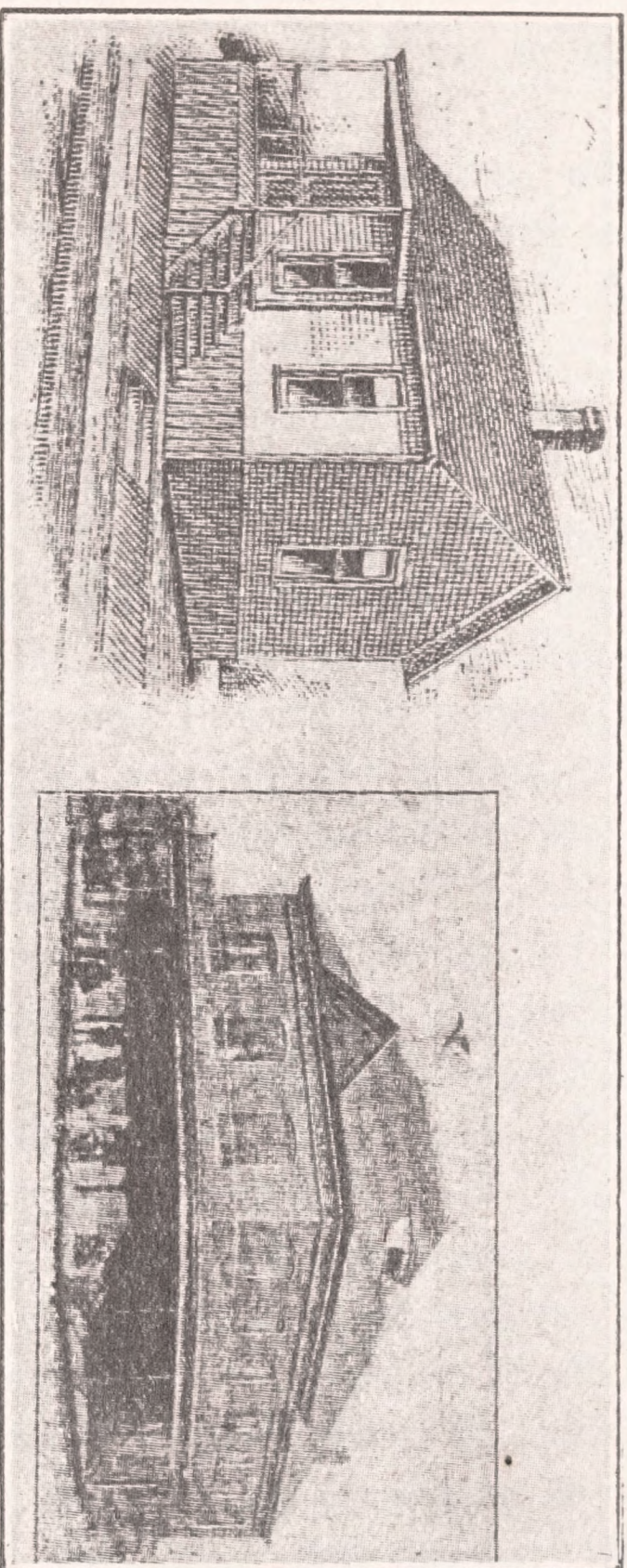
my fellowman. I would have felt very miserable, sir, to have stood there and watch you and your family perish when I could have saved them."

"'Taint no more than them beasts done me when I was down there fightin' that water for dear life. I tell you sir, Andy is made out o' the right kind o' stuff. 'Taint nothin' common about him. What yer say to that?"

Mr. Wilhelm grasped John Dudgeon's hand and proceeded to flex and extend the forearm very rapidly. "I don't know who you are but you have a remarkable face. I know you have correctly informed me concerning my dear boy, Andrew!" Mr. Wilhelm dropped John Dudgeon's hand, and wiped away some falling tears. "We have lost one of our family that can never be replaced—dearer to all our hearts than we could realize, but thank God, all the others were saved. Bless this noble boy. Carl, have we a shelter for this grand boy?"

The boy walked over to Andrew and putting one arm around his neck, looked at his father and exclaimed: "Why, father, he can have his room right across from me, and he can break my colt, too. I don't believe I care to ride her any more."

Andrew Wilhelm saw that he had in Carl Wil-



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helm a fast little friend if he chose to go to the Wilhelm home to live.

“My friend,” began Mr. Wilhelm, addressing Mr. Dudgeon, “I have yet to learn your estimable name. I presume you are a friend of Andrew’s looking after his welfare.”

“I reckon I’m one of his best. I am, sir, the son of a grandson of a great man. I never brag about myself unless I am with folks that can see me as I am, sir. My daddy’s granddaddy come over to America from England. He never lived in no little house. Everything was fine at his house. He wore fine clothes, and he was second assistant to Lord Baltimore, sir. You see what people he was throwed with. Well, we ain’t never disgraced his name since, and now if you are pleased, I will further ’stinguise you by shaking your hand, while I whisper my name in full—Jonathan Elihu Elkins Haskell Dudgeon. You see my name honors four ages of parents. Treatin ’em right nice, ain’t I?”

“My dear Mr. R—R—R—Dudgeon. I am glad to have met so remarkable a personage, and consider Andrew fortunate to have so much of your esteemed attention. I shall now be compelled to pass out of your fascinating presence, but will frequently consider the deep and lasting impression you have made on me. Andrew, your physician

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tells me you will be able to be carried away this afternoon. What hour shall I call for you?"

"At no hour, Mr. Wilhelm. Pardon my bluntness. I am not inappreciative of your more than kind interest in me, but my conscience would not allow me to take advantage of your fullness of heart for me in this case. I would not feel that I merited the advantages you had given me. Sir, I intend to become known to the public! I expect to accomplish something in life, but I expect to earn any reputation I may some day possess through the proficiency acquired by persistent application to educational facilities. I shall spurn the idea of becoming anything by accident!"

"What do you say to that?" interrupted John Dudgeon.

Mr. Wilhelm seemed to have been so surprised at Andrew's sentiments that he stood most dumb-founded a few minutes before he spoke again.

"My dear boy I admire the principles you set forth more than most any I ever heard. I have always thought our country silly to accredit real merit to some rash lad for performing a single act of daring, yet you needn't think to put me off so easily. What do you intend to do?"

"I would like very much to secure a position in

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an institution of education where I can work and pay my tuition."

"How would you like to find employment sufficient somewhere else and attend college from there?"

"Any way will do so it is honorable, that I may become prepared for service in life."

"Very good! I have something for you to do at my home. We were all visiting my brother when we were washed away. He was still in house of business. His wife was lost as well as my wife. We have prolonged our visit here. I shall call for you to-morrow afternoon at four. Good-bye!"

Good-bye, sir! I can go if you have something for me to do, that I may be no expense."

"Pshaw!" said Carl, "we wont have much time to work! Plenty other better things to do than work," and he gave Andrew an affectionate wink.

They passed out and two surgeons soon entered.

"Young man, I wish to remove your bandage and talk a little to Dr. Purdum concerning the wound. He is taking a course here in our college, and we get all information from such cases as yours as come in our way."

"We don't want no cuttin' nor unnecessary slashin' here, Mr. Doctor, jest fer findin' out things. I've heard of you fellers before, how you chop up

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folks to see what they're made out of. This boy ain't got no pappy nor mammy an' I kindly kidnap both them offices. I ain't heerd from them lately, but don't believe they've got any chaps to spare; and as for sacrificin' and disfiguratin' this one jest when he's fixin' to make a fortune, you'd better jest wait a few years and maybe he can afford it better! 'Spect you'd better take a pretty good slice outen me first!" insisted John Dudgeon as he interposed his bulky frame between the dissectors and their patient.

"Look here, my friend, we are going to do no harm to the young man. His wound needs dressing, and I want this young Doctor to watch me dress it."

"Well, I'll watch you, too, and don't you forget what you've said!"

"You needn't be uneasy, John! They wouldn't be guilty of trying any pranks on me. I know Dr. King. He is the regular surgeon here."

Dudgeon was reassured, but watched every step taken by the physicians. They discussed antiseptic ligatures, adhesive strips, nerves and muscles, winding up on mention of the *Levator Labia Superior Alaque Nasi*. By this time the wound had been dressed, and Andrew McLean had been very fav-

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orably impressed with surgery. He knew it was a field where great good could be done.

The next afternoon at four Mr. Wilhelm drove up to the hospital for him, and he was soon driven to his new home. The home was located out in the suburbs and consisted of a five-acre lot centered by a large stone building, on the most elevated point anywhere in the whole neighborhood. The macadamized driveway from the front entrance was shaded to the building, and on either side of the driveway was six feet width of cement walk. The front was converted into a small park, shaded now and then by large, deciduous trees, and studded here and there by small evergreens. The sod was beautifully green and thrifty, and was crossed up in many different directions by terraced walks; altogether presenting a pretty scenery. The back was divided into a croquet, tennis, and ball ground, on one side, and an immense fish basin of clear water on the other. It is here we leave Andrew McLean to pursue his pleasures, exercises and struggles for knowledge.

His preceptor was thorough and exacting, but was highly pleased with his new charge. The three boys and girls shared equally in labor, sport and parental affection. They were soon entered into college and graduated in due course. Andrew gave

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his individual note for tuition. He would enter under no other circumstances.

Granville Rudolph was the financier and business manager of the institution; and finding he could in no way induce Andrew to take Mr. Wilhelm as security on his note, reasoned that he would issue the note to him individually, and at some close time harass Andrew until Mr. Wilhelm got note of it and paid it off. Granville Rudolph was a man fifty years old, a lawyer, a money gobbler, and a man void of principle. He stood five feet ten inches, and looked a rascal from head to foot, and then back again. He was one of those admixtures of the mental and billious temperaments, rather angular of frame, sandy of complexion and bald of head, carrying in his visual cavities two gray orbs, shaded by two shaggy over-hanging brows. The eyes were piercing and the pupils had contracted on all subjects except one—money. He accepted the policy. “The end justifies the means.” He was hated by many, nor was he loved at all. When his debtors were least able to pay him he needed his money the most—a veritable Shylock of the modern day. The most lamentable fact is that all classes are infected by these contaminating toads. If they would only exist in their proper zone, there would be peace on

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earth and good will to all men. However, "His Satanic Majesty" and his extra force on duty would be dripping with perspiration. There is only one real advantage in living in the world with sharks of this type. It gives up a very high appreciation of the truly good who forgive our excuseable debts as they expect to be forgiven theirs in Eternity.

Judging from his career though, you would hardly accuse Granville Rudolph of ever reflecting on so solemn a subject, so unfavorable for financial returns,—too much valuable time lost. The forehead frowned, and the shaggy brows preponderated more than usual; not because he was reflecting on the wails of the poor whom he had foreclosed. Oh, no! they had been disposed of. It was those claims holding judgment against him that held his attention; also, into what next victim would he sink his talons.

Five years had passed since Andrew McLean had left his country home. Still, things continued as serenely stupid as always. "Puddin" Blair now cultivated the corn, and he and Mrs. Puddin were compelled to vent their spleen on each other. Frequently could be heard the bang and clatter of skilets and frying-pans as they missed their mark and struck the wall to drop on the naked floor, where

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they executed a Virginia reel. The boy was sorely needed. His services had gotten to be very valuable before he had absconded, and then it was a pity to have no common recipient of so much parental biliousness.

Annis Gray had heard of his runaway and laughed. She was glad for him, knowing he could be in no worse condition wherever he went. There was much laughter concerning a particular plight Puddin Blair had been found in, at one time, raging to the core, but perfectly bound and gagged. When liberated from his bonds he let loose such a volley of profanity, which together with the unusual puffiness of his face, made him hideous and uncomely in the extreme. His rescuers repented of their humane interference so heartily that they turned and walked away from him entirely disgusted, never inquiring the cause of his present dilemma. If this family of life-long disruption could see what a different life Andrew McLean was following there would immediately have been another go-between as each would have accused the other of allowing the boy to grow up with such notions as would lead him to ruin and bring him back to them, a vagabond. So, such classes believe of ambition, and we here leave them alone in their blissful ignorance.

CHAPTER VI

MAJOR SAM GRAY was one of the most highly respected citizens of his whole country. He had been elected to the State Senate, the magistrate's office, and once was traveling escort to the canvassing Governor of the State. His dignified personal bearing, fluency of speech and high regard for truth and veracity rendered him a general favorite, and, but that he chose domesticity rather than the distinction of public life, he probably would have acquired much political fame. Nevertheless, the happiness afforded him around his own hearthstone at leisure hours, as well as at night, together with such duties as managing a very large and productive farm, and acting as director in a bank in St. L——, in which he had one of the largest stocks, satisfied him entirely.

Henry Adolphus Russell was one of his neighbors, owning a nice plantation also. As we have seen heretofore, the Russells and Grays were very sociable, and it had long been the pet scheme of Mr. and Mrs. Russell to have their only son, Clyde, and Annis Gray to some day unite their hands, and

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likewise the two estates. Also the bank interests of the two families were by far the controlling stock in the bank. It had never appeared to Major Gray's mind concerning his daughter as anything but a child, therefore he had never entered into any such a spirit, nor, indeed, could he have, unless he had felt for sure that his daughter had centered her undivided affection on Clyde Russell.

Yet, as Clyde Russell always came when at home on vacation, and was received right cordially by the ladies, he was always glad to see him, and it is needless to say the young man lost no time to favorably impress him with his actions.

Annis Gray attended high school and colleges in St. L—— from home, so Clyde Russell never had any trouble to meet her any afternoon he would stroll over, and many hours they spent together in the wood's lot, watching the squirrels eat nuts and chase each other from tree to tree. Sometimes, they were in the orchard where many varieties of fruit grew and ripened, striped red, deep red, golden yellow, etc. Again, they may have wandered to the grassy banks of the woodland brook, and in the presence of a setting sun, clearly to be seen beneath the foliage of the trees, listening to the merry little tinkle, tinkle that nothing so sooth-

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ingly gives as the continuous ripple of a little stream. Occasionally, a pebble was dropped into a little pool below, and broke up the placid mirror into a million little undulations, refracting the golden sunbeams into as many different little mirrors, each little wavelet throwing a different hue. Away up the stream could be heard the clang, cling, clung of grazing cows that were slowly coming home. Little fishes came to the surface of the water and nibbled at insects. A thicket of pawpaws clustered near by, its ripened fruit lending tone to the fragrance of branch mint. A lone jar-fly began to wheedle away on his solitary tune, and the couple turned their backs on Nature and took their last table refreshments for the day, after which they walked out and sat under a large pine facing the river only a few hundred yards away.

The moon stole up into the sky and dimly illumined all objects, giving many of them fantastic shapes. The katydids were singing freely in near by oak, and a gentle breeze stirred the pine foliage, producing low moans. Many times Clyde Russell had been so inspired by conducive environments for love and poetry that he could hardly restrain himself from embracing the object of his solicitude. Once he told her of his attachment for

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her, and his aversion for single life, and how blessed it would be—just they two.

This was a new thought for her. She had considered Clyde Russell necessary for her enjoyment. He had always been companionable and she had strong friendship for him. She did not know of any one she liked any better. Whether it was love or not, she did not know, and she frankly opened her conviction to him. Why, who else could she like?

“Who else would think so much of her?” he asked. It was agreed that if they were of the same opinion two years hence, they would be united in matrimony. He presented her a large ring to bear in token, which should be returned if either became displeased. During the interval of these agreements a river owl hooted accompaniment to Annis Gray’s meditation, but not until a fox screamed in their river bottom corn field did she regain presence of mind, when with a start she announced it was time to be inside.

They gathered themselves into a family circle, and Annis performed some choice music, winding up with “Dixie,” after which the Major became reminiscent, and told of more exploits when with Morgan, during the ’60’s.

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“Morgan had been captured, and our forces of thirty-five hundred had been broken up and many captured, while a few of us, about twenty in number, escaped South as far as Pilot Knob, Simpson County, Kentucky. We had been camping there two weeks, and found it very desirable quarters. The knob rounded up into three prominences. It was timbered all over with a variety of beech, oak cedar and poplar. A large spring flowed out, about half way down the east knob, affording us water for ourselves and horses. We could command a fine view of the surrounding country, which was a plain. These lone knobs could be seen for many miles away, being the only ones in all that section of country. We threw up breastworks to prevent any surprise from the enemy, and reconnoitered the whole country. We found the community almost a unit in our favor, and glad to provide for a handful of veterans championing their cause. We recruited until we numbered fifty, and would have soon had several hundred on our roll if we had been left alone a while longer.

“One day, thirty-five of our force were out gathering in provisions, when suddenly they found themselves surrounded by Federal troops, and forced to surrender without a word or a shot. We never

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knew why they never returned sooner, but threw out three scouts to learn the cause. They returned to tell me we were almost swallowed up by Federal troops on the east. It was now dark. We heard quite a fusillade about a mile east of us, and made quick arrangements and decamped toward the South. We were fifteen in number, well mounted, having scarcely any baggage, so were soon away from the range of danger. I learned since from one of our men they captured from us that two hundred strong they had quartered for a few hours in a farm house before marching on us. About half their number were feeding and half were at the house. Suddenly an unexpected attack came, and quite a skirmish followed. Some one discovered a mistake had been made, and got the fight stopped. Captain Owen, of the United States Army, was killed in the house, and several were wounded. A troop of calvary had come upon a troop of cavalry, all on a hunt of Morgan's men, and fought each other until the remnant of Morgan's men were well away from the scene of action."

"The man-hunters were so exasperated by this little misfortune that they horrified the neighborhood by their criminal acts. A southern sympathizer was shot while his wife was forced to hold a

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light for his murderers. She dropped the lamp just as she saw they were ready to fire on him, and he was wounded but managed to roll out the back door and under the house that was raised on that side enough for his body to pass under. He had been bound hand and foot and left with two executioners to finish him. After they had fired on him they struck a light again, but could find nothing of his body—only a trail of blood as far as the door, where it ended. His wife was kicked for her faithfulness to her husband.”

“A physician, another Southern sympathizer, was visited one night by twelve men of the Union, and asked to go with them to a neighbor. He agreed. One of his sons, Thomas McLean, followed him out and begged him not to go, saying he knew they meant to take his life, but stating to them at the same time that he knew them all and would hunt them down one at a time.”

“They hung the physician, and the son took up the trail within an hour. Before daylight his revolver had cracked twice and two lives had paid the penalty for his father’s murder. He had told his mother he would cut a notch for every one that he killed, and if at any time he was killed, he would

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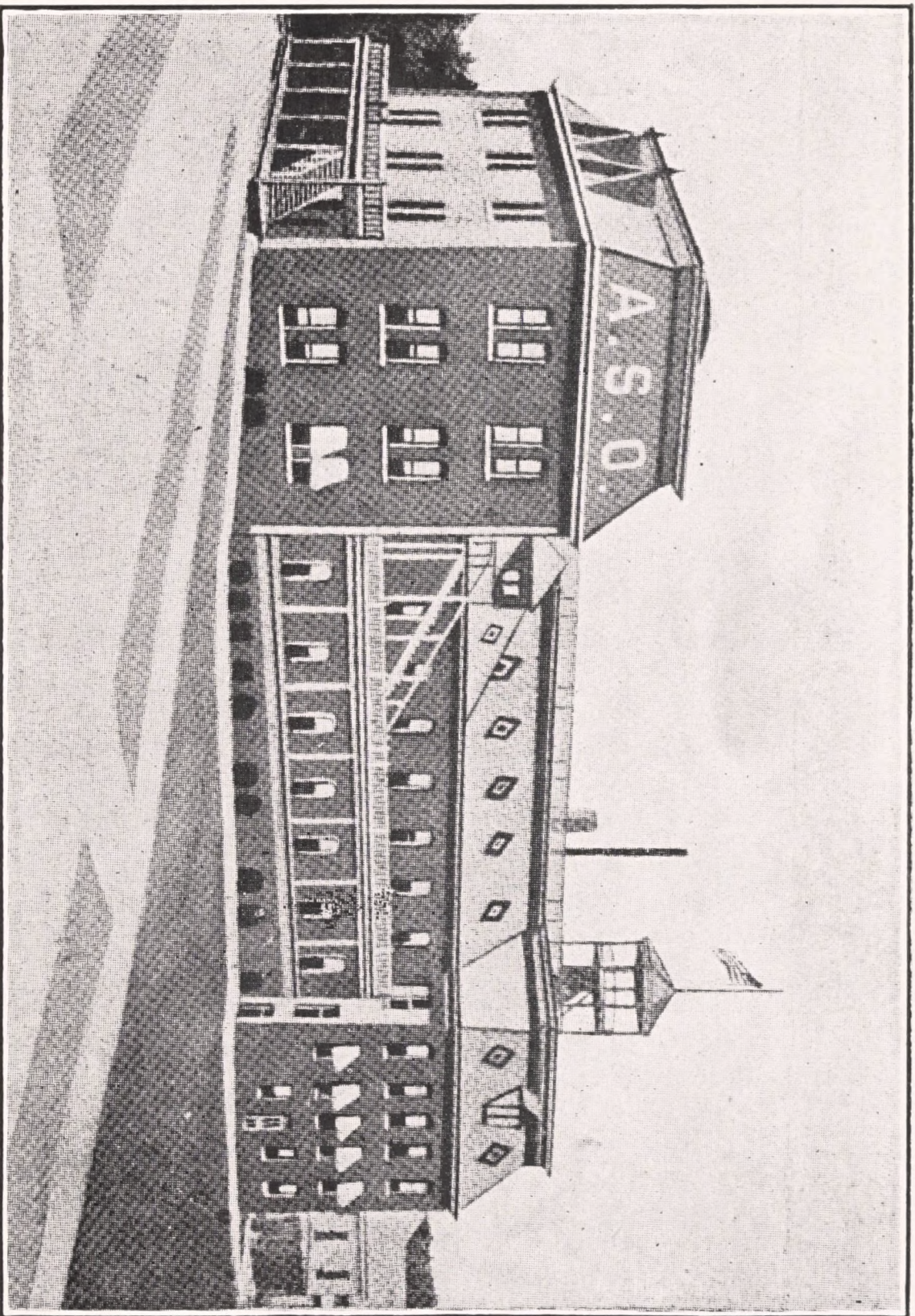
have his pistol sent home, so she could read his story from it."

"Day after day he continued his relentless pursuit, until at last he had located another of the objects of his search at a card table at Gallatin, Tennessee. Young McLean's eyes dilated with thirst for blood, and he threw his revolver down on the hunted subject, who probably had been expecting to meet him for some time. It happened a friend of the card player was standing near by watching the new arrival, and promptly shot him dead before he could cut another notch on his pistol. A note was tied to it, stating to whom and to where to send it. It contained eleven notches."

"Well, father, why did the officers not control the troops?"

"There were times, my dear, when squads would slip out from them and be in mischief when their commander slept. And again, after some battles the commander slept the sleep that never waked. and then, there goes after every army those claiming to be a part of it, whose names were never entered on the enrollment books; and such made good as robbers, mauraunders and murderers." To this class chiefly belonged the "horrors of war."

"It always seemed to me, Major, there were



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many horrors on the battle field," suggested Clyde Russell.

"Yes, there are many different emotions experienced before, during, and after actions. Destiny seems to have you in its throes, leading you amid the rattle of musketry, charging the batteries, assaulting breastworks, swimming river torrents or making night detours. Once you have enlisted in what you consider a just cause, and you see your home overrun by an enemy, you hail the day you meet them face to face. You never consider that you may die; you consider how you may strike the severest blow and carry your point. The dying frequently suffer horrors on the field, but their pride and love of home would not allow them to come back to life if it were to be purchased with the disgrace of a retreat. Death has some sweetness; a glory to offset the solitude of the field and the sting of death when we have discharged our duty to the letter. The horrors here are nothing to compare with some that happen away.

"The guerrilla takes the valuables and murders the heads of such homes as oppose their personal views, sweeps the country of stock and produce, and everybody is on starvation. No relic however highly valued, as coming from a dear father or

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mother or friend, is respected more than another. It is on land, something like the days of Captain Kidd on water. I suspect I have talked enough to-night. You are all asleep”

The young man and woman were far from asleep, but for courtesy's sake he got up, thanked Mr. Gray for his Kentucky reminiscences, and bade them all good-night.

“Father, you spoke of a Mr. McLean being killed during the war. You recollect Andrew's name was McLean!”

“So Puddin says. Andrew is to play ball with his college team about a month from now. They are going South on a trip before their series of college games begin, and I would like to have him give us a visit.”

Annis Gray's expression showed reflections of the past, and a smile of satisfaction lit up her countenance.

“Yes, father, I am glad to hear you say of Andrew McLean that he is doing well. I shall be glad to see him again, but I would advise him not to come by Mr. Blair's. They might kidnap him.” ..

“I expect Andy is about large enough to refuse such conduct toward him any more. He has been a very much abused boy.”

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Annis Gray knew this a great deal better than Major Gray, and also felt a great desire to see Andrew, although she said very little.

A month soon rolled by, and the great football coach Reed had brought his team South for training and was to stop over in St. L—— a couple of days. The whole city was interested in a game to entertain them. The Y. M. C. A.'s were strong as any other team in that section; they had defeated all comers so far, and had hopes of annexing this to their string of victories. It was known that the northern team was one of the best in all the country, but they had not yet begun to play their best ball. They arrived early one morning, and rested until 3 p. m. At four, they were on the gridiron. They were cheered by thousands who had come to see a good game of football, but were, of course, hopeful that the home team would win. The home team was already running through their signals, but immediately vacated for the visitors. The home colors were scarlet and white, while those from the North were old gold and purple.

The spectators' seats were crowded to overflowing. Nine thousand were to see the contest. The Y. M. C. A.'s looked a little the heavier, as the Northern team entered some new material in this game for

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trial. One athlete of five feet eight inches, scaling one hundred and eighty-two pounds, walked into the crowd and shook hands with Major Gray. He gripped the Major's hand hard, and also seemed proud to meet Miss Gray. She was apparently very much pleased with him also. His face showed strong traits of character—determination, perseverance, great physical strength, and yet a kindly attractiveness. He was not a giant, yet it could be seen he was equipped for powerful physical combat.

"Tell me something of your players at once! Who are your heroes?" asked Annis Gray.

"You see the smallest man out there? He is our hero. The great Saltenstall quarterback, of whom there is no equal. The tall man you see will certainly make a fine run if he ever gets into the open field. Some of our line men are new, and are on trial, but you will see some veterans come to our rescue just before we finish."

"Aha! but I'm against you, anyhow. You have no business to come home and use your influence against those with whom you grew up!"

No one heard this part apparently, so he became serious to her. "Miss Gray, or Miss Annis, it's not that I feel little interest as you think in my early environments at the district school. I would like

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to enter this game, thinking you cared just a little for old acquaintance's sake about the outcome."

"I would have that much interest in anything you undertook."

The referee's whistle blew, announcing the time to get together for the battle. "Oh say," hurriedly spoke Annis. "They have a bad man on their team. He cripples so many players. He is a little taller than you and has light curly hair. He often carries the ball and plays behind the line."

"Thank you! I believe you are not altogether against me!"

"Oh, I forgot; I am for the Red and White!" And she seized a comrade's colors and waved them high in the air.

The Y. M. C. A.'s won the toss, and had the ball kicked off to them. They were downed before they could run the ball up the field. The two lines faced each other, and something happened which set the fans wild and caused consternation among the visitors. The new tackle and new half became confused as to position while on the defensive, it having been agreed they should change positions at that particular time. While they were coming to agreement, the ball was snapped and brought around Andrew McLean's end, six strong, protecting the

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carrier so securely Andrew had no chance to intercept their progress. Moreover, a burly fellow, seeing he was the only one in the way, jumped into the air and struck him in the stomach with his knee. This doubled up the end, and when he had gotten straight a touchdown had been made. The masses surged toward the goal posts as much as possible, and watched a goal kicked.

There were some surprised ones over on the seat, listening to others explain. Different football must be played quickly to avenge the fluke score. The score was already six to nothing, two minutes after the play had begun. People were now sanguine over the outcome, except the experts, who, although not understanding what was wrong, believed some mistake had been made. The ball was kicked off to the Y. M. C. A.'s again. They gradually began to work their way down the field, making good gains on line plunges. They were now within twenty yards of their opponents goal line. Three of Reeds men had been crippled and exchanged, but better men now stood in their tracks. More plunges and the Y. M. C. A.'s were within twelve yards of their coveted goal. They had but two yards to make in two more downs coming. They tried around their opponent's right again.

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They had tried here twice since their first touch-down, only to lose ground. This time they gained two feet—a very slight gain, but leaving only four feet more to hold their ball, so it was decided not to try for a field goal, but to buck over a guard.

Tackles were called back, and the ball passed to a tackle, but unfortunately for them, their opponent's right end had divined the play, and broke through the line and downed his man behind the formation. A faint cheer from the visiting spectators rose up, and the bench men yelled themselves hoarse; two veterans were sent in the line, and a different front was presented to the Y. M. C. As. The visitors took the ball now, and plunged through their opponent's line for a good gain. A blonde with curly hair made a mad surge to catch his man behind the line, but was suddenly knocked flat on his back by the right end, and had to be carried off the field. This seemed to distress his comrades to no little degree, as he was no little factor in carrying fight to his opponents, and had already put three men out of the game. It was he who had jumped and struck Andrew McLean a severe blow in the beginning.

The game was resumed with the line plunge, this time unsuccessful. Left end was run around right end with small gain. Three yards must now

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be made in another down or kick the ball. The line plunge would hardly be proper, as it seemed pretty solid just now and doubly fortified, as they were expecting that play. Right end was a big swift man, hard to tackle and hard to stop; therefore it was decided to run him around the other end. He received the ball and sprinted around left end, and with his interference passed the end and bolted for the open field. He was tackled by the quarter whom he freehanded and eluded, a little further and he met the full back, and by an elusive side jump and wrench he was clear again, and was racing like fury for a goal with two teams strung out in his wake.

The run was spectacular in the extreme, the whole multitude cheering even though they knew the score was against them. The touchdown was made and the score evened. Clyde Russell was talking to some parties who claimed to know about the result of the contest.

“They are going to put in subs on us, and we will have them beat certain!” said this knowing one.

Clyde Russell came back to Annis just as Andrew McLean was taking his leave before the game, and heard the last of the conversation. It nettled him to note the expressions of sentiment the speakers

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each showed. Annis looked after him when he had turned away, and stood up to see him after he had gone.

Clyde experienced such pangs of jealousy as he had never felt before. He recalled when they three stood first in their classes at the district school, and Annis would smile on Andrew McLean; he never cared then, but now, it was out of the question. He had not expected to meet Andrew McLean again. He had most forgotten him, and then he was a "nobody" from nobody knew where, but how was it he was playing football with a college team—one of the best in the world? He was compelled to have attended college or he would have been ineligible. It was puzzling, but he would learn from Annis. He spoke to her just as the two teams were taking position for the game.

"Who was that you were talking with just now, Annis?"

"Why, don't you know?"

"Well, I asked you?"

"I would have known him anywhere, and you ought to. We were in school together enough."

"But you haven't told me yet."

"Oh, I supposed you would have guessed by now. It was Andrew McLean."

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"Andrew McLean! Why is it he is to play with the college boys? Because he is so husky, I suppose," he said, apparently more to himself than to her.

"You are mistaken. He attends college himself, and has a perfect right to play with his team. But Oh, see, they are going around that end—his end with the ball. Look, he is knocked down. O-o-oh!"

At this point, Clyde Russell sprang upon the seat with the multitude and joined them in shouting and waving. The spectators were nothing short of a mob, neither could they be normalized until play was again resumed, and at every down with gains made by Y. M. C. A.'s shouts continued to go up.

Finally there was a lull in the cheering. Near the lower goal line, a Y. M. C. A. man had been thrown behind the line for a loss. Annis, standing on tiptoe, observed Andrew McLean dash through the Y. M. C. A.'s line, and bear a heavy line plunger backward before he could get started with the ball. Her heart vibrated with pride for the boy she once knew so well, but she did not cheer until a few moments later when he came racing back with the ball tucked under his arm pursued by twenty-one players. People were surprised to hear any one

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wearing Y. M. C. A. colors cheering an opposing team to victory.

"What do you mean, Annis?" asked Clyde Russell. "What are you cheering for? You surely understand the point is not made in our favor!"

"Yes, and I also know who made it. I am responsible for everything I do," she answered with a little snap.

"Certainly, but you will call down censure and notoriety upon us if you continue that. People have all noticed you already."

"Again, I tell you I don't care what people think of my cheering, and I don't want you to suggest to me anything about it any more!"

"I did not mean to quarrel with you. I simply meant to reason with you," he answered, flushing up a bit. But he had seen it would not do to pursue the subject any further.

"I don't see how that fellow happened to get through so easy. I'll wager he'll never do it again."

"O, you know he always did have a way of doing whatever he wanted to. I would not be surprised to see him make five or six more runs just like that."

"You are exasperating, and I don't know why nor what it is for, but the game has started again. I see they have put in their great quarter back and

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full back. You see they find they need all they can get!"

The ball was carried down the field by plunges and end runs until the visitors were within five yards of another touchdown, when the whistle blew for intermission between halves. The Y. M. C. A. had been saved by good fortune.

It was hard on the visitors, but they went into the second half full of spirit. They carried the ball to the Y. M. C. A.'s fifty-five yard line, and Saltonstall kicked thirty-five yards. The receiver was downed in his tracks. Again, that dash behind the line, and the tackle was borne back with the ball for a loss that could not be made up. The ball was kicked back twenty-five yards. A kicking contest arose with the result that Saltonstall soon kicked a field goal. Again, the ball was kicked to the visitors who had begun to feel easy now, and massed plays that plowed the line, that hurdled the line, run ends, and finally wound up kicking another field goal. The game now ended, the score standing fourteen to six. It had been a rather spirited contest. Many devotees and frequenters were loud in their praises of Andrew McLean's fine work at right end. They consoled themselves by saying that they would have defeated the visitors except for the right end

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and full back, who were the best performers ever seen on the local ground.

Clyde Russell and Annis Gray separated, and Annis left the grounds with the Major. They were driven to the hotel to wait for Andrew McLean. As soon as he had bathed and dressed, he was conducted to the carriage, and two big bays drew them swiftly over the ground to the Major's country home. This had indeed been a day of triumph to Andrew. His name was on the tongue of many thousand people in a few hours, and a few had recognized him as the erstwhile "Puddin" Blair's runaway, but now associated with Major Gray and Annis, who were acting as host and hostess, his mind scarcely recurred to the days of tribulations.

His present was a realization of an inward force having been smothered into dormancy by a chain of uncontrolled events succeeding each other so rapidly and relating to his evolution until the most appreciable aim in life seemed to be Fame. Now awakened old memories of childhood's days, bearing the dearest fragrance of all a boy's dream of greatness achieved and laid at the feet of his Queen. It would be difficult to enumerate the different, conflicting ideas he entertained, but the whole flight brought him up to the sweetness and comfort of

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childhood impulses when his heart throbbed with boyish emotion at the voice, smile or touch of Annis Gray. Now, that he was unexpectedly thrown with her again, the flood-tide of heart welling was aroused, and a consuming desire to possess the object now considered necessary to his happiness, had rapidly taken control of him. They alighted at the home of the Grays and passed some pleasant hours. Annis played and sang, and they sang together. Annis had desserts served between meals, and the old gentleman furnished some more interesting stories.

The next morning's sun rose clear and brilliant, reflecting beautifully from the frost crystals on bough and herb alike as so many diamonds. The young people met on the terraced walk and joyed in the grandeur of Nature's handiwork, which would so soon melt away under the warming influences of the sun. She spoke—and the chimes of a hundred fairies went ringing into his ears.

“You may not see many such mornings as this during the year, Andrew! Do you think its beauty could be improved upon?”

“The inventions and ingenuities of man are almost incomprehensible; artificialities of every conceivable form and class are exhibited to the human eye; the rainbow is exhibited on the painter's can-

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va, as are the clouds, the hills, the ocean, the forest, and landscape scenery of all varieties, but to fully appreciate the superiority of the Master's workmanship, we have but to visit the ocean and watch the swell and recede of the waves, the murmur, the grandeur of a still day with a rising or setting sun, or a storm riding majestically, and again, no sketch could portray more than the shadow to the substance; the dazzling scenery now to be beheld—an unlimited field of crystals scintillating under the splendor of the most luminous and magnetic of all orbs, surrounding the most precious pearl any explorer ever wrested from the great ocean beds. To-day, with the same spirit of affection and devotion as in the days of my childhood when you were my only thought, though I never gave any expression, I bring a measly sacrifice to this altar; it may be unworthy of attention from you: I would bring more, I would bring better, but it is my all—myself. If you knew the depths of emotion I now experience, you would pardon me for breaking into the sanctity of your dear thoughts. My mark in life is not yet made. My future is a blank as yet. If only you can give me a little assuring look or word of interest in me, it will be worth more to me than the crown of the greatest kingdom alive. Do you care for me at all?"

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Silently, she had listened to him, first transfixed with his eloquence, then disturbed when she realized he was bringing his talk home to her. She beamed lovingly on him and he felt he had succeeded; then a cloud of despair enveloped her.

"I am afraid I am honor bound already," she spoke dejectedly. "I suppose I am not my own."

"Then I am truly sorry. The dearest anticipations of a successful future hallowed with the sweet presence of the one I love more than all the world will collapse never to rise again!,,

He turned away, completely subdued and humiliated. She looked at him and his face portrayed his inward struggles, and she could no longer conceal her own. She caught his arm and impulsively cried out:

"O, you don't understand! I do love you, but was engaged to be married to Clyde Russell. I never encouraged him nor did I understand at the time the engagement, but he is under the impression that I promised him. I told him then that I cared as much for him as I did for any one else, but I hadn't met you since we were children together, and I love you if I know what love is. Anyhow, I am so happy to have you near me. Knowing what I feel now, I can't marry another. I will be compelled to

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remain single ,and wait for developments to shape my destiny."

He had now taken a new lease on life, and was preparing to speak again when the Major walked up.

"Just such a morning as this inspires one for longevity, even among the infirm. Youth lives without effort or thought of eternity; but are submitted to the seriousness and certainty of a crossing, only after ripening with age. They die then, and are entirely forgotten—swept out on the great sea of oblivion, and if no record of important deeds done in their lives are retained by the living, nothing ever recalls the public mind of their successors to their past existence, but a delicate inscription on a marble tablet, which gradually fades until two centuries leave scarcely a mound where rests the remains of those who battled as valiantly over the field of Life's struggle as any military hero that ever donned uniform. We, in the common walks of life, often ask ourselves, "Is it worth while?"

Annis threw her arms around her papa's neck and fondly nestled on his breast.

"O Papa, life is always worth living with our loved ones near us. God is good, and we are blessed in many, many ways. Although the future may forget, if the present is properly improved. we do

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not cease to exist, but immediately enter into a happy state of endless peace, away from all cares of life; we toil not; we suffer not, for the day of trials shall have passed, and they who suffer much shall enjoy much. The poet expresses much in few words when he writes: "Tell me not in mournful numbers, Life is but an empty dream." Don't you think we should be thankful?"

Tears stood in the old man's eyes and he strained his daughter to him.

"The Lord forbid that I be not appreciative of his extenuating goodness and mercies! Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson were great Generals. Their presence on the field inspired the soldiery to ride and tramp into the very jaws of death, yet when the seriousness of eternity confronted the soldiers they forgot Lee, Jackson, strife and all, and called for the intervention of that Master of all events, breathing out in prayer the last breath of life God put into their temples of clay. Surely no one could witness the death of a Christ-born subject and not feel that the greatest honor is to live under the banner of the Cross and die in the truth faith of the Son of God. But we seem to be digressing. I felt like Andrew might think me atheistic if I didn't express my true sentiments of the divinity. "

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"Oh, no! I know you too well to think so meanly of you, Major. While I know a great many highly-educated people have become agnostics, I feel they are those who try to deify themselves, because they are too self-opinionated to give anybody else credit for being even as great as themselves, and to consider a Creator of all matter Omnipotent, Omniscient and Omnipresent, divining all purposes and intent of man, whom he could dispel from the face of the Earth with one blast of his breath, is to consider him with such rebellion on Earth as did Lucifer in Heaven."

"Just right, and if education lead to such skeptical conclusions, although I deplore the helplessness of ignorance, I would blissfully live so, rather than be a Voltaire, Tom Payne or Ingersoll. But I'm persuaded it's not that, when I note the thousands of equally brilliant and enlightened characters who do not seek notoriety for their oddness, but use their talent toward the upbuilding of society. Society is a failure wherever the cause of Christ is not prevalent. I believe I came out to say the conveyance is ready when you wish to use it, Andrew. I am sorry you have to go away so soon. Come any time, and you shall be welcome here, eh Annis?"

"O, he is coming right soon!"

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“No, I am sorry to say my excusable absence from college is already taken, and I shall be confined the remainder of the session, but with your permission I shall be glad to come again.”

In a short time the driver was ready for Andrew; he bade the Major and family adieu, and started to the city, where he was to join his team mates in time to catch a train going south. The driver pulled up as Annis cried out: “Say, you have lost a cuff button. Wait!”

She came to the vehicle and handed him—nothing, but gripped his hand impulsively, and looked him in the eye. “There keep it, and be careful never to lose it again.”

“Thank you! It shall not be my fault if I do, you may be sure.” He had read her meaning.

CHAPTER VII

SIX months had passed, and Andrew McLean had graduated in his literary course from the Western metropolis university. He had been back to the Major's. Annis Gray would marry no other one, but must wait until she could honorably break her engagement with Clyde Russell. She would let him become discouraged; let him see that she loved some one else. She told Andrew McLean to finish his education, for she could love a smart man as easily as she could an ignoramus anyway. He now entered into a medical college. What would he do if his darling was in danger in any way from his rival, whom he knew would have her marry him under any consideration for her money, whether he loved her or not. He was himself helpless to make a decent support yet. The time hung heavy and would have been unbearable except for the consideration of the goal of graduation in his life's profession. On and on the days came and went, and weeks and months and years, and then came the day that loosed the shackles of college theories and experiments,

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recommending that more disease, combating adventurers, be subjected to the mercies of the public.

That day had come on which Andrew McLean stood and reviewed the corridors of Time during his fortunate career, and with fragrant memories of dear fellow students, he bade farewell to environments that had been pleasant as well as profitable, even though he had longed many times for this day. Turning from that dead past as one having viewed the corpse of a beloved friend, he now directed his scrutiny to that impenetrable haze—Future—that every life battler confronts when trying to determine direction, as a man in pitchy night comes to the crossing of many roads, seeing the beginning with no knowledge of the terminus. However, Andrew had chosen pretty well his course in life four years before now, and as one who had foreseen and chosen with precision, he located and entered at once upon a practitioner's career.

CHAPTER VIII

DR. CLYDE RUSSELL had become eminent in his profession from the first, being a fairly good student, a good general, and plenty of means to secure whatever he desired. He had been Class President in college, and as practitioner in the State of Kansas he was Secretary of the State Board of Health, and the foremost practitioner in his city. His practice was large, and his reputation was wide. Nepotism is largely to be figured with everywhere. Only one had refused him a single thing he had demanded, but that one desire was his whole life, and down deep was a spirit of jealousy and malice he entertained toward his rival whom he felt sure held the esteem of the one he would give everything else for. He had grown to love the girl who was not bidable to him. That which he had he cared not for, but that which was not to be his he would die for. It is no wonder that one grown to luxuries and petted through early life should possess many unenviable qualities, but never being refused that which he wanted, he had

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had no occasion to demonstrate the evil of his nature. Now, that he had been balked by a runaway, it rankled and he swore that if ever he got the chance, he would even the score. He had pleaded with Annis Gray, showing in his best language his love for her, the impropriety of her becoming allied to a nameless person, even if he had behaved well on a football field, and the poor promise of such a step, but she had turned from him and changed the subject. It was certain she was waiting for her knight to come and claim her, and that, he would certainly do. And must he stand idly by and see the thing done that would thwart his life's plan? No! Some means must be brought to estrange them; he could not take life to carry out his purposes, nor have it taken, but some other circumvention must be devised—one that would disgrace his hated suitor and elevate himself at the same time. This opportunity soon presented itself as one always does to the wicked. He had practiced in the present town long enough to know the good and evil laity—those whom money could tempt—those to be coerced or intimidated in various ways, and those independent of all influences. Such a person with this knowledge becomes a great power for good or evil, as becomes their nature.

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Until now, there had been no occasion for evil, and Clyde Russell was a highly honored citizen as well as a noble practitioner, who never collected fees from the poorest class. Major Gray was sent the papers containing editorials, praising the goodness as well as the ability of Dr. Russell. This had been adroitly done through a friend of Clyde Russell's according to order. They were intended for Annis Gray's perusal, and of course her attention was called to the statements by the Major, who was always glad to hear of the home-folks doing well away. They were destined to receive clippings from the same paper later with news that Annis Gray was loth to hear.

"Joe, who has rented your office next door?" asked Dr. Russell of a right hand man, who was very much at his service.

"Why, that is a new doctor—coming to give you some opposition, I reckon. What do you say about it?" responded Joseph Bartlett.

"Well, I suppose there is enough here for more physicians to do—more than there are physicians to do it, but what is the new man's name, and where is he from?"

"McLean, I think and he is from Chicago. Why! you must know him!"

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Clyde Russell's features showed surprise, passion and then brightened into satisfaction. What? Had Andrew McLean come there to set up against him, to mock him, to beard the lion in his den? That's what it meant because it was a lion's den he had walked into. The people were in a body for Dr. Russell, and what better could Clyde Russell have? He had his opponent at his own mercy. Where else could he have him locate more at his own advantage. He was himself safe, and he could exultingly watch the hated rival fail dismally, for fail he should. He would move the universe to have him fail. Would Annis Gray want to marry a failure? No, she was too proud. She should find out all about Andrew McLean's shortcomings, through his friends as well as his own efforts. She should not find out he was instrumental in the works, though; these things flashed through his mind quickly. Plans could be laid later.

"I say Russell, you seem to know him, and if I judge right, your recollections are not overly pleasant," again interposed Joe Bartlett.

"Joe," spoke Clyde Russell in a low but forceful tone. "That fellow must be the very devil himself!" I am telling you something now, but I know you and know any trust I have in you is safe. That

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scoundrel alienated from me, the affections of the sweetest little woman the sun ever shone on. He came from nothing, living from his childhood up with the triflingest family in our neighborhood and became by a fortunate event during a tornado able to obtain the confidence of the receipient of a trifling favor of his, and has since succeeded in working this man for enough money to put him before the public to prey on them the same way. And then to bring himself here to compete with me, whom he has already robbed of a precious pearl by his pretentious lying tongue, is trying in the extreme!’

“You are right! It is too much to be hoodooed by a hoodlum out of the love of a girl, and then ousted from your practice by the same impudent,—

“Wonder what he has against you?”

“Nothing, except I am of a family, and he can’t name his at all. Then I always had whatever I needed, and he was an envious scamp, who wished everybody else in Hades who were better off than himself. It may be he has come here to show he can do as well as I can, and will then brag that ancestry cuts no figure in a man’s affairs.”

“If he has come for that purpose, he had better look out for new quarters right now, I’ll tell him

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that right now!" remarked Bartlett. "You have got these people here solid on your side, and you've got money to pull you through any kind of rut against him. I don't figure from what you say that he's in any shape to stem the tide he will be up against. We know every man, woman and child in this town, and when you've done for me what you have—come to my relief when it looked like a pass-up for me—you reckon I've forgot you? Not much! You shall know every patient your friend has, and we will lay some traps for him, and he will mighty quick be hitting the road. You can leave me to have him caught in jig-time. I'll talk to you about him until he is on the wing!"

"If he can only be caught sufficiently to disgrace him before the public then I shall still triumph over him. If such a thing happens to him, then I will be the happiest man living for my prize will be half caught, and when I again lay my suit for her hand, she will not refuse me. It is only a foolish fancy she has for him which she will forget when she sees his honor touched!"

"Well, I expect it will be touched, and maybe pretty lively too, sometime. I don't suppose we want him to get too much at home here before some-

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thing drops, do you? You know the quicker it falls the heavier!"

"We must study our way carefully, you know. To do is one thing, and to be caught is another. If detected any time, it is worse than a failure; we are there in our own trap. But we must be careful. I have money in that safe at your disposal. Get it at any time and amount you may need with your subjects. Always consult me before you act. Two heads are better than one." Oh, but say! He may need a good fee just now to begin on. I have a patient coming here one night next week for an operation of a suspicious kind. We will dress her fine and give her money to have the work done, and send her to him. He will be apt to bite at it unless he is a bigger fool than I suspect him to be. And while he is busy attending his patient, two or three of her family shall break in on him, and he shall then be undone."

"Good! I couldn't do half that well, I must say. You plan, and I'll get everything to carry out your plans. If one way don't get him, another is ready. Uugh-h-h-h! Guess he'll wish he was doing some thing different before long!"

"Joe, we must be just as pleasant as can be, you know?"

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“Do I know? Well, I guess I know. Why Good Morning to you, Dr. McLean! A fine morning! I have just been talking to some of my friends. You will do fine here. We will pull for you, and Dr. Russell won't throw any stones in your way either. I've just talked to him also.—Eh! how's that?”

“O I know you will behave O. K. I never doubted that Joe.”

The two men separated in evil to meet in vice. Like had met like. While half the Earth's inhabitants are toiling, laboring manfully, honorably day and night for self existence and the general welfare of the public, the other half are busy, throwing barriers of detention in their pathway thereby hindering the progress of time with all their pessimistic might.

CHAPTER IX

ANDREW McLEAN was locating in a small city distant from Chicago, and chose a western point in order to grow up with the people. He had not written Annis where he would locate; if he had, she could have enlightened him that Clyde Russell held practice there, but a supreme power guides the destinies of all men. The time had now come to Andrew McLean when he must do. The days of experimental pleasure were past and the vast realities were on. As he sat by his office fire next morning considering his plan of procedure, a tap at the door startled him from his reverie, and he opened the door to come face to face with Clyde Russell. The two passed congratulations, and Russell came in.

"Well, I was surprised to find out yesterday that you had come here to practice medicine!"

"I was as much surprised to find out this morning you were one of the established practitioners, here, as you are that I am here!" answered Andrew.

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"I am glad you are here. We can be of much help to each other, I assure you. You are welcome here, and I hope you will get a large practice. Come around to my office sometimes. We will do everything in our power to help you get a start."

"I certainly appreciate all that, but of course I expect to build for myself, since I am here. It may be that I would not have located here had I known you had been here for some time and doing well, but as I say, I am now here, and to be plain, am not able to make many moves, so I might as well be content with my surroundings."

"Oh, to be sure! I don't think you could beat the people here on any proposition. They are not timid toward the stranger — as hospitable a people as any!" So the conversation went on, and to other subjects, and Andrew McLean never dreamed his childhood's playmate meant him harm, for those who are not evilly inclined never suspicion evil in others, especially those whom childhood memories connect with fondness.

Again the new doctor was alone with his thoughts. A fortnight had rolled by and he had met a number of influential citizens, but had had but few calls. One night a lady came for examination and treatment. She was well dressed, but lacked the refine-

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ment of the well bred classes. A close questioning and physical examination showed her to be a young unmarried woman in disgrace.

“Then, Doctor I appeal to you to take care of my case immediately. The money is forthcoming. I will pay you now!”

Andrew flashed up, never seeing the purse full of money she had drawn forth. “Madam. I would starve rather than take the money you have, and perform an operation so iniquitous. My conscience would punish me through life too intolerably to live, and the blood of innocent babes transferred to inanity in foetal development would cry out against me too hauntingly at judgment to invite death. Therefore, I would be a miserable murderous devil. But thank God, I can see too clearly to ever choose a course so disastrous. If I didn’t believe you to be ignorant of the crime you ask me to be chief promoter of, I would show you some temper you would not soon forget. But as it is, I ask you to look up another physician. There are those who would make the devil tremble with fear at the greatness of their crime. Our consultation, however, is not public property, as it is my rule with every patient I have, their talk is for me only. I will bid you goodnight!”

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He opened the door, and let her out. As he did so, he thought he heard some stir in the foliage near by, but never gave it a passing thought. He went back and read more, giving no further attention to the call.

A few days and he received a call from the suburbs. He drew on his hat and gloves and was off. A short drive and he came to a cottage inhabited by dogs and negroes. A negro man there was undoubtedly suffering from Glanders. He prescribed and gave such direction as necessary. He made the third trip and found Dr. Russell had been called in, and had pronounced his patient to have small-pox, and had hurried him off to the pest house.

Here was a puzzle to Andrew McLean. Clyde Russell surely could not have mistaken Glanders for Small-pox, if so, he must be very incompetent. The outcome though, was sure to be damaging to the new doctor, who would be considered to have made so serious a mistake. Still, Clyde Russell never seemed to entertain only the kindest feeling for him, so it must be a mistaken diagnosis. Notwithstanding, he must suffer for another's blunder.

He met Dr. Russell who was more than friendly. "Doctor, I understand you diagnosed Cyrus Smith's case to be small-pox. It is not my business to ques-

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tion your diagnoses except in this particular case, I was connected. I found the patient to have only the symptoms of glanders. Will you explain to me what particular symptom now pronounces it small-pox?"

For once and the first time Clyde Russell was disconcerted. The keen eyes of Andrew McLean were bent upon him in a strong effort to read his very soul. This close scrutiny disturbed him very much. In the meantime his opponent had deciphered him. He had acted the scoundrel either on an old score or simply to hold prestige from a point of ambition. He had not been mistaken concerning the disease. They had both recognized glanders.

"Well you see Doctor, you see some of those diseases are so very much similar, we are likely to become confused and fail to differentiate. You see you are not to be blamed. Your experience is not extensive, and if you only make a single mistake, the public is sure to forgive you. The time will come when you wont make those blunders. We all make them at the beginning, so we need not take it to heart so. Now, Ive seen worse many times, and the doctor was not severely censured. When I read yesterday in the "TIMES" about our plague of small pox, and what a terrible blunder had been

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made, and how dangerous to have raw hands to handle infectious diseases, I thought I would see you and together we would answer it saying it was a mistake, that you knew all the while it was small-pox you were treating, but didn't want to give the community any unnecessary excitement."

"Look here, Clyde Russell, you are a dirty fraud and a sneak! I am sorry to have come to this conclusion, but it is a true one. You knew that negro had glanders, and not small-pox. You made that improper diagnosis intentionally to my hurt. I shall not say why, but it is enough! You have acted as a scoundrel! If it were not for making a scene here on the street which would do me no good, I think I would wear you out right this minute! You infernal cheat and liar. Swallow it down like a man, and don't squeal a single time, or by thunder, if I have to put my hands on you it will be to choke the very heart out of you. Now, as long as you behave toward me in the future as one gentleman should toward another, you will have no trouble with me, but make another break, and I'll crush as many bones in your skin as I can find, so help me God!"

"Much obliged to you, but I rather think you will need the help of the Lord!" Andrew McLean

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made a step or two forward as if intending to spring, but his opponent had only fired a parting shot, as he had retired and was some distance gone already. He knew too well the metal of Andrew McLean to test it before the public eye. Some had come by during their conversation, but none had stopped, and only one other person could guess what was going on between the two physicians. Joseph Bartlett had sauntered up behind Andrew McLean, and now and then heard fragments of the conversation. He heard his champion pinned, and saw him almost tremble when the new doctor bent his searching gaze on him.

"Zounds!" he said almost aloud. "Why don't he knock his teeth out?" Shoot! Catch me knuckling to such class!" Joe Bartlett was a heavy powerful frame, and considered fearless by all classes who knew him. He called at Dr. Russell's office that night.

"Doctor, I heard that vagabond this morning, and wondered why you allowed him to talk so impudently. You ought to have knocked his head off and made a foot-ball of it! He had better never try any such stuff on me! I'll tell you that much!"

"You see, Joe, I am not looking for any street altercation, and let him think I am afraid of him

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since he has found out there are some things he can't do so well as he imagined. If that first trap had caught him, he would have been held tight a plenty, but I was afraid he wouldn't put his paw into it. He never smelt a mouse anyway! This small-pox business he has got himself into, will put the crimps on him anyway, and Miss Gray shall have the pleasure of reading him up too!"

"I've got the thing though that I believe will get him. A friend of mine told me that old Granville Rudolph holds a considerable note against him, which has accumulated interest almost equal to its face. I believe by putting up a sufficient amount, Granville Rudolph will bring suit on his note any minute. I will let his office rent go by, and we will have our papers served on him the same day, and it will be another pretty name he'll get!"

"That is a fine plan Joe. You are full of resources. I will give money to have that fellow ruined. This game is everything to me, and I must not fail. Yes, that is a good scheme!" There is a thousand dollars in my vault, take it and get old Rudolph to fire into him. Go to old Rudolph and make your own propositions to him. Don't let him know there is anyone in it but yourself, because you know I am the man that must stay out. I've got another

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job to push through just as soon as this one is accomplished, and one that must not be begun with a bad name."

"Well, we will work this on him, and if he resents me or the proceedings, I'll show him how to talk a little smart myself!"

"You will lose a renter for your office, Joe, if you proceed against him too!"

"Plague take the paltry rent of a month of two, but plenty are ready to move right in as soon as he moves out, and if he wasn't handy for us, I would have showed him my teeth before now!"

Joe Bartlett told the truth, for from the first he had recognized in Andrew McLean a character of power, and one not easily overcome in an undertaking. He disliked his positive way of saying things, and disliked his physique which was a little dangerous looking, but not so formidable as his own avoirdupois. A little spirit of rivalry, of physical dominance was the chief grudge. He would like to punch him right good, and hear him beg a little. If he ever had a good chance he would make him appreciate a man when he met one. He had himself been considered the mightiest man physically in that whole section of the country, and he had re-

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cently heard of some of Andrew McLean's football exploits, which had followed him.

"I don't think it will pay to resort to anything harsh only as the last card! We will try scientific methods first. When will you go to see old Shylock, Joe?"

"I shall go before next week!"

"All right! I shall depend upon you."

CHAPTER X

THE uneventful days had dragged for Andrew McLean since he had come west, and he had not yet been overburdened with practice. The hateful little talk about small-pox had done him much harm, yet he had asserted publicly, several times, that there was no such disease in the city. People supposed Dr. Russell knew his business so there was nothing left for him but to live under a false light until something happened some day. Annis Gray wrote him every week. She had read about his blunder and Clyde Russell's good fortunes. She had been patient, for she had decided long ago whom she loved, and whom she loved not, and it matters not what may happen to those whom we love, we love them the more.

Andrew McLean had been a very close student of Anatomy and Physiology, and he had thought many times of the human body as an intricate machine, self-adjusted and perfectly capable of running itself. He considered man the grandest machinery God ever made. In fact, he was God's object in all

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the creation, and was made long before drugs were ever practiced, and if not capable of running, then the mistake of the Creator should have been pointed out to him, but if correct in the goods he turned out, then they are the same today; and if perfect and entire it has none too many turbinated bones, nor Vermiform Appendixes as surgeons seem to think. Nor is it necessary to add to the compound of digestion, Pepsin, Pancreatin, Phosphates, etc., when the same elements are manufactured by the internal organs, and are limited only by a sluggishness which a simple manual treatment would stimulate and thereby normalize. Furthermore, it appeared preposterous to drug a body to correct a dislocation of a limb or the spine. He had had many visions of fighting disease naked-handed, without pill or powder, overcoming all obstacles scientifically by a method that was specific and unvarying in healing properties. Many days of close confinement with anatomy, thoughts, visions and dreams, came and went before he dared experiment with a brand new idea along this line. The promulgation of new and entirely different treatments of disease, had ever brought upon its author the condemnation and persecution of the public, augmented by the champions of the old school. He would be

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challenged as all others had been, but he cared not if he were only sure of his soundings. What he was looking for was facts, then sentiment, the most treacherous of all powers, always against a new idea, could hurl her most vile epithets and calumnies, but "Truth crushed to earth, will rise again." Many hours of deliberation and some experiments took his time. One day he was particularly engaged, experimenting with his skeleton, ruminating over a new science that would be handed down the future centuries to be first ridiculed, endured, then embraced, adding new discoveries here from a thinker and there from a thinker and so on, accumulating scientific facts until an undisputed champion of truth she should stand a colossal statute, while the whole world would forsake the foolish and superstitious practice of the medicine men, dating to the days of incantations, and talking to spirits and give obeisance to a natural method of combating disease. The day had come when everything tended to go back toward Nature. A tapping at the door, and the uncertain launcher of a new styled craft of therapeutics was abruptly reminded that he was still on terra firma.

And more than all in that same office, where business had been dragging, dragging until it had be-

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come rather monotonous. He opened the door to his caller, and the forbidding figure of Granville Rudolph crossed the threshold.

"Good morning, Dr. McLean! Fine morning!"

"Good morning, Mr. Rudolph! Have this seat sir!"

"Well, how is your good health, Doctor—O. K. and having a fine practice, I reckon?"

"No, Mr. Rudolph. I have been here only a few months, and practice is of course not what I wish it to be, but I hope it will be better in a short time."

"Well, I am a plain man, and time hurries me through formalities. I am undertaking an enterprise that forces me to call on you for your tuition to the University."

"I have not had time to earn that much if I had done well, but since I have earned nothing, I hardly see the amount of your tuition at hand yet. I shall ask you to extend the time of payment."

"I must say I never considered but what you would be ready any time I called on you. In fact, I think you can get it, if you haven't it yourself."

"Yes, I can get it if I call on someone else, but I am alone in life's battles sir, and you will just have to consider me responsible for my indebtedness, which I shall settle but must have time to do

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so. You were not to collect until I was able to settle my own account anyway."

"Yes, but this new enterprise I am undertaking forces me to collect very close to meet its demands. There is no one who has more sympathy for a debtor who wants to pay and can't than I have, but business compels me to be strict!" I pay everything I owe, and collect what is coming to me."

"Then you will have to collect what you can get of mine, sir, and settle your account in the best way you can. I can't do more than I can do, although you seem to think by bringing suit against me your collections would justify you. But I wish to say to you they will not pay out, but sue, and take what I have, or take what I have and you need not sue."

"Well, you see I will have to go through a process of law, so what I get now I will get judgment for, and can sell the same."

"Then, I am not disposed to talk to you any more. You are an unprincipled dog, just what every one knows you to be, and if you don't want me to do you personal harm, leave my room at once!"

Granville Rudolph left, not daring to execute the vengeance he felt at Andrew McLean, but took an indirect way to humiliate him. Before night he had been sued for his tuition to the literary univer-

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sity; also Joseph Bartlett had sued for two months' rent.

The world seemed gloomy and unprofitable, and a spirit of resentment welled up in his soul, and he walked out in search of an attorney. As he walked up the street, he felt that all eyes were upon him, ready to accuse him of dishonesty. Clyde Russell had shown his hand, Granville Rudolph had shown his hand, and now Joseph Bartlett had shown his. Which was the most despicable? All alike were hateful! As he walked past Dr. Russell's door, the three were holding close conversation, and he guessed himself to be the topic. In fact, Joe Bartlett exultingly laughed as he passed by. This was more than he could bear. He had walked by, but the insult heaped on the unreasonable malicious procedure taken against him rankled in his bosom, and involuntarily he found himself in front of that door again. He had once before, offered to pay his office rent, now he would thrust it on Bartlett. He felt that he must be the object of a combined conspiracy, and became possessed of an uncontrollable mania to strike back at his offenders in a bunch. He had failed to observe a rather corpulent figure coming his way, apparently, purposely to meet him, but who stopped and waited further developments the min-

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ute he noticed the expression on the countenance of Andrew McLean, who had turned on his foes as a wounded animal brought to bay turns in fury on his pursuers.

“Mr. Bartlett, let me speak with you a minute!”

The tones were more of a command than a request, and Joe Bartlett, who had added fuel to the flame of passion, nudged Clyde Russell, and whispered something, and walked out to meet Andrew McLean. Russell spoke in an undertone to Granville Rudolph, and the two slowly sidled up to the front, near the conversation.

“Take your money for your rent sir! Why did you not take it before when I offered it to you? You had some reason sir! What was it?”

“We will just collect it by due process of law now, as the law has it in hand. When you are sued for so much as you have just been sued for, then I am bound to have my money too, since you must know!”

“That is not any answer as to why you did not take your rent when you were offered it!”

“Well, it is none of your——business, and I don’t want any of your short talk either.”

“I can see you three hounds are determined to ruin me, and force me to leave here under a bad

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name. Now, I call a halt!" Here an unexpected blow from Joe Bartlett took him by surprise and staggered him. Bartlett followed his advantage and was pressing him hard against the wall when he regained his clearness of head and foot. He was squeezed up by a giant, but he at once wriggled out of his grasp, and made a lunge, and with swings, hooks, uppercuts, and straight from the shoulder he drove his enemy to cover, soon completely mastered him and was kneeling on his chest. Two men raised him in no gentle manner, and his opponent was loosed on him again, but a powerful lunge and thrust and he was again felled to the ground. He clenched his teeth in chagrin, and immediately rose to the conflict again. At the same time the two men who had taken Andrew from a vanquished opponent, and gave him further opportunity, again interfered and caught his arm, just as he had timed another thrust. The blow was delayed long enough for his opponent to mash him down with his heavy weight. Encumbered now by three antagonists instead of one, he would probably have succumbed, but fortunately for him another actor was on the scene.

"Fools and devils! Back you cannibal heathens! Do you think you can eat a man, bone, feathers and

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all, and all right on the street 'thout somebody see-in' your tricks? What in —— do you mean? This here's a civilized country, you idiots! Never seen such man-eaters! Beats Africa all to holler! But bein brought up that way, I'm kind of a man-eater myself! Maybe you don't believe it?"

He had broken in on Joe Bartlett's two aids so suddenly with bluster accompanied by harangue that the two stood back to catch their breath, while the intruder proceeded to further amaze them by the performance of disrobing a very brown coat, several sizes too small for him. The disrobing feature was the miraculous rapidity with which he manipulated his upper extremities, reminding his spectators of an exhibition with Indian clubs. The exercise was brought to a close only when the thread binding the sleeves to the waist, already strained beyond their capacity, snapped. One sleeve flew far over the heads of the astonished bystanders. Finding his chest still a little too binded for any extensive conflict, a happy thought suddenly possessed him, and as suddenly he bent forward, far over until the tail of his coat fell over the back of his head. Then seizing it with both hands he endeavored to dispossess himself of the remnant in the manner of skinning a varmint's hide over its head. Un-

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luckily for him, the two men for whose benefit his performances were conducted, were becoming more composed, and seeing the phenomenon tangled in his own traps, considered that the Lord had delivered the devil into their hands, and proceeded to receive him befitting a reception due his Satanic Majesty. Granville Rudolph gave such valuable aid to the unfortunate one that the coat's tail completely obscured his view, while Clyde Russell considerably pommeled from behind that part most prominent through the brown coat, known as the Cerebellum. Nevertheless, this was not a one-sided contest, and the few bystanders who had ventured up, not daring to risk their lives nor limbs in the effort to bring about a reconciliation, witnessed some rather choice passes and parries. Granville Rudolph was hanging on tenaciously to the coat's tail, appreciating the fact that as matters remained so, the advantage was with them, while the veiled prophet, becoming very uncomfortable under the trying conditions, wheeled himself this way and that way, ascribing circles and semi-circles, with the tenacious Granville Rudolph, who now being afraid to loosen his hold, was gripping the tail with superhuman strength. With a mighty heave, the victim of the old brown coat bursted it from end to

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end. The aerial flight of Granville Rudolph was discontinued with a suddenness to collapse him twenty feet away against the pavement curb, with a goodly portion of the brown coat's tail securely gripped in his talons.

With the same impulse that freed him from the toils of a very perverse coat, the exhibitor gave a back-handed swipe that almost took his pate-mauling opponent off his feet. By this time a crowd had gathered and the conflict having about spent itself anyway, the results were looked after.

The brag fighter of the whole country was mercilessly whipped into submission by Andrew McLean, and apologized to save himself from strangulation, while his conqueror was good for more fight. Clyde Russell had a burning, swollen face. Granville Rudolph still huddled up in a heap by the curbing, dizzy from his recent aerial flight chaperoned by the whirling flourishes of a human automaton. With the exception of a few special tuberosities, particularly prominent on the Occipital bone, John Dudgeon remained intact—the center of much speculation from the bystanders. He had dropped in their town so suddenly and presented so huge a fighting machine, as well as so ludicrous a one, that everybody was kept busy finding new points con-

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cerning so mysterious a being. Two fragments of coat hung on his back and one encircled his arm, while the other arm was covered only by shirting, yet apparently a tramp in uniform, he stood complacently, the master, silently ignoring any idle thoughts that may have found lodgment in the minds of those present concerning his station in life. He could now have truthfully telephoned to the little curly hair the same message that made Caesar immortal—"Veni, Vidi, Vici!" and he would have been no less heralded a hero at home.

Andrew McLean struck hands with John Dudgeon who had on more than one occasion come to his rescue, and at times when badly needed. An officer came around and arrested the whole posse of combatants. Nearby friends went their bond for appearance at court a week later, and in the meantime Carl Wilhelm came over to see Andrew McLean and finding matters very disagreeable for Andrew, telegraphed his father without consulting Andrew. Mr. Wilhelm came immediately and saved Andrew from insolvency.

When he presented Andrew a receipt from Granville Rudolph, his self pride seemed to be wounded. "I am sorry you have found me unable to meet my obligations so poorly, Mr. Wilhelm, but I shall

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some day be more than able, and I shall repay you every cent you have spent in my behalf. I am sure I appreciate every kindness you have done me just the same!"

CHAPTER XI

HENRY ADOLPHUS RUSSELL, sitting in his private office, had just read a letter received from his only son and heir and was unusually meditative. The letter read as follows:

“Dear Father:—Yours of recent date received, and will say I was very much surprised to hear of the financial depression there. It is general but it had not struck me exactly that our bank would be affected. Now, I will give you some advice, if it is proper for a son to advise his father. Take care of yourself. Take in one or two of them with you if it is necessary, but if not necessary so much the better. Do not break if the bank does break. You needn't worry about Major Gray. Annis Gray poor, is easier won than Annis Gray rich. I am glad they stand personal security so heavily, as I tell you it will be best they go broke. I can take care of their pauper friend McLean, up here and if they get poor, my superior inducements will win for me, don't you think? If you need my assistance at

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any time, write me and I am at your service.

Your obedient son,

CLYDE RUSSELL, M. D.

Those who have experienced the paralysis of business during a money panic and the many attending evils that go with it, can fully appreciate the general depression of spirit. Those who have become bankrupt can scarcely find employment sufficient to live, while those who remain solvent, tremble many times for fear they can't weather the dreaded gale. Christians sometimes lose their faith, sinners learn to get consolation from that faith, respectable citizens are reduced to tramps, and thousands of homes are broken up and fathers and mothers join in the battle for bread, while the little feet go pattering in their footsteps to share in such hardships as only the destitute know. Many little family circles that had many times sat cheerfully around their own hearths and basked in the warmth of their winter fire, listening to mother read or father tell war stories, now drew up under a roof of straw, a bed of straw, and walls of straw, in fact they now looked out places of refuge for the night, in straw ricks, hay ricks or any other place of shelter, affording warmth at night, while each

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day saw the distressed martyrs of the Cross, too honorable to take that which did not belong to them, take their babes in their arms, and followed by barefooted urchins of larger size, turn their faces to the south, in which direction they marched on and on, for no other purpose than to escape the chill of winter. Pathetic scenes of this kind are more frequently met with during the panics in the central States, as the mills, factories, mines, and all works close and the laborers who know but one trade are forced to migrate to warmer zones, where they can fall asleep with the canopy of heaven for their shelter. The horror of such lives, many having fared sumptuously previous to this, can hardly be conceived by the unaffected, neither could it be endured many times by those reduced to its abject destitution, only that the meek and lowly Nazarene born in a manger, chose his followers from just such a class, and no doubt abides yet at every family altar where poverty stalks. 'Tis a fearful trial, yet how like pure gold taken from the alloy by refinery, emerges the God-trusting soul through that ordeal of destitution. Humanity presents the broadest variety of passions of all animal kind. While there are those whose lives vibrate in perfect unison with the Master; whose very presence is elevating; whose

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breath is pure because the soul of God dwells within their temporal sanctuary, there are others whose wickedness on earth would pale into insignificance all deeds of valor performed by confirmed inmates of the very cess-pools of Hades.

Henry Adolphus Russell, still pondered over his son's letter. The boy loved Annis Gray. First, he had thought his son was simply acquiescing to his plan concerning the union of his family with the Grays, but since they had altogether been drawn into that financial vortex of failure, and the boy persisted in winning the girl chosen for him, he must see that he carried his point. Yes, Major Gray must not be in his combination that would save themselves. In fact, he was so peculiar anyway, that there would be some doubt as to his entertaining any self-saving proposition at all.

A week passed and the Second National Bank of St. Louis had been stampeded, and importunate depositors had drawn their money as long as there was any money, and then turned their angry growl full upon the cashier, president, directors, etc., who had already absented themselves, and employed temporary officials. People of all kinds pushed and fought to draw their deposits. Many a skirt was torn off; many a toileted suit of hair was disheveled; sex was

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not regarded once in consideration of dollars. The delicate were kept back, and not a few were badly trodden. When the teller had passed out the last dollar, and gathered up the books to pass out, the turbulent wave of humanity immediately conformed itself into a seething mass of nodding, beckoning, shaking caputs, gesticulating hands, and grimacing faces, giving forth a variety of murmurs rapidly swelling from the many gutturals into the falsetto of the defrauded widow, until that body, recently composed of civil citizens, ceased to be such, and an angry mob stood there, giving forth vehement execrations.

Denunciation of the bankers was heard on all sides. Such expressions as "Hang them! Hang them! Burn them out!" were common. The people were everywhere under the impression that the officials had saved themselves, regardless of their depositor's ruin. A bitter feeling had gone before the run on the bank, but of course those who drew their money were quieted and went away, but unfortunately the masses were left unpaid; hence the mob-like demonstration that would have resulted seriously but for the appearance behind the counter of the venerable countenance and gray hairs of Major

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Gray. He was greeted with cheers and curses, but never flinched once, demanding a hearing.

"See what the old scoundrel wants!" said one.

"Better be somewhere else trying to find somebody else to rob!" said another.

"Men, women and beings not worthy of either name, listen! I have something to say to you, before many of you good citizens are persauded by impulse rather than by reason, and induced by the disciples of Beelzobub, to commit a crime that would ever after bring shame on your good family names!"

"We don't want talk. We want our money!" said one. "Yes, yes!" said others.

"So would I rather have money, but I stand here to-day with less than nine-tenths of you growlers, yet a few days ago had more than many of you together. If it is just for you to want retribution of any kind, why am I not up in arms?"

"What do you mean?" asked the people's spokesman. "You know you have glutted yourselves on our money, and are just putting up that tale to quiet us!" "That's it!" said others.

"Listen! You have broken your own bank. We loaned our money to banks of our correspondence, and they could not collect it quickly, owing to the

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depression of finances, although it will be in within a week from today. We closed our bank to prevent a rush, knowing we would not be able to withstand it until the bulk of our loans returned. The parties handling our money were forced into insolvency by our hasty action, and we will receive only a per cent of our loans. We thought as patrons of our bank you would give us a chance to adjust everything, to save ourselves, and save you, but you were foolish, and blind to your own interest. You forced our doors open at a very inopportune time, with the result that many of you stand there without a dollar. You have forced me to sell my home, the shelter that was my own, and yet you say criminal things against us. I have had my say. You see I am a sufferer with you, and as such I advise with you. Go home. like reasonable men, and when all the loans come in, you shall be notified, and then come back and receive your per cent!"

In a decisive manner, admitting no further remarks, he dismissed the throng with a wave of the hand, and was gone, not waiting for such questions as he feared would be put to him. He had done his duty to humanity even though that humanity he had saved had been most unkind to him.

His words had had the desired effect. He had es-

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tablished a sympathy between himself and them, and naturally it appeared to them he spoke for every official, until they disbanded, and then they began to realize the thing as it was. The Major had been fleeced more than anybody, but not by outside conditions as they had inferred from his statements. Why had he not been outspoken, and the scoundrels would have already received their dues? But as the Major knew, when the first excitement was over, the people gradually became more normal, and violence was a thing of the past. If wrong had been done, it could not be righted by another wrong, therefore he had interceded in behalf of those so unworthy and had saved them.

CHAPTER XII

J OHN DUDGEON had come to consult Andrew McLean concerning the case of little curly hair. Many physicians had examined her at home, and diagnosed the case, cancer of the breast. Andrew informed him he must see the patient before he could pass on the case. Mrs. Dudgeon soon arrived, and was brought by the affectionate husband to Andrew's office. After close examination, he pronounced "No cancer!" John Dudgeon became very sanguine, but poor Mrs. Dudgeon could not know of a possible chance for the great men of lore at home to be mistaken.

"Andy, or Doctor, what is the matter with her?"

"Well, John, the second and third dorsal vertebrae are subluxated, or plainly, her spine is twisted between the shoulders and the nerves that come out from the cord there have become sore, and that soreness follows the rib clear around to the front, and is worse at its end where this growth is. Soreness always follows a nerve, and is generally always more noticed at a terminal."

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"Can you cure her?"

"Yes, I am most sure, but I won't give her any medicine. John, I am certain of this case! Did Dr. Russell see your wife come into town?"

"No!"

"Then, I want you to help me score a point on him. I wish your wife to go to them, and have them as regular doctors consult together, and diagnose your wife's case, then call me in. And I want everybody to find out what they say, and what I say. Then I want to treat her. Call in Dr. Smith first, and have him call in the other physicians before being operated on. Then tell them you have heard that I have a new method of treating disease, and that you will call me in before taking surgery, and you keep staying there at the hotel until your wife gets well. Do you understand?"

"Of course, we'll do anything for you, Andy—or Doctor, I mean. We'll be off now."

The front of the Hotel de Perry was always overflowing with men, who would come from their duties to smoke, talk, play and relax in general. All newcomers were inspected, and remarked upon accordingly.

A vehicle drove up, and a very round man dismounted, and assisted into the building an emaciat-

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ed little curly haired woman. At first notice, when the man was the chief thing to be seen, the impression of laughter was transmitted, but was at once supplanted by pity when the woman's condition became evident. Every one inquired of his fellow, "Wonder what's the matter with her?" "Hope it's not catching," said one.

A physician was called in; then more physicians, and it immediately became known about the cancer.

"What would they have done with it? Cut it out? Sure! Nothing else could be done."

To the surprise of the observers, Andrew McLean was called, and diagnosed the peculiar condition heretofore described. The Regulars and laity were shocked that any such foolish quackery could be promulgated and practiced in so progressive an age. Nevertheless, the patient began to improve, and in one short month was well. This was the most peculiar instance of the kind ever known. The matter was now the subject of much discussion. John Dudgeon talked everywhere about the wonderful doctor who had saved his wife's life.

"How did he treat her, Mr. Dudgeon?" asked some one.

"Well, I don't hardly know—Wringin', twistin' pullin', stretchin', mashin', pressin', and a lot of

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other things I didn't understand. One thing, he never give no medicine, nor put nothin' on the place. He just went after that disease with his hands. I guess it's the surest remedy, specially if the Devil has got anything to do with the disease, 'cause they ain't no devil can live and a man grippin' ther wind like that!"

Andrew McLean's reputation of curing a hopeless disease so mysteriously was rumored throughout the whole city, and he was stared at more than any other person for miles. Nevertheless, he went about his business, experimenting with the treatment of disease by manual manipulations for many days after John Dudgeon and wife had returned home, both well and happy.

Summer time was coming, and with it a rage of flux, very malignant, mostly among children. Many deaths were being recorded. In fact, the mortality averaged more than fifty per cent. The child of a very prominent man in the city was stricken, and became very seriously ill. Every physician in town had been called in to see the child, and they pronounced it a hopeless case. At last, Andrew McLean was thought of and called in, although the attending physicians pronounced him a crank. Andrew McLean had long previous to this known the uncertainty

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of drug theuraparies, and by having assiduously applied himself to the wonderful task before him, had conceived how treatment in different areas of the human machine would affect a part remote from the area where applied. Hence, it can be seen he was pretty well prepared to treat all diseases. Physical examination of the patient showed the abdomen cold, with the corresponding nerve supplying the abdomen very congested where it branched from the spine. He tried to move the congestion from the spine with his hands, and it responded to his treatment; at the same time the abdomen became normal, and the patient immediately began to improve and was soon well.

The Doctor's reputation on this case brought him more cases, and he treated more than a hundred cases of flux without a single failure. This success, combined with the mystery of his manner of treating disease, won for him an enormous practice, and the hatred of his profession, which branded him a crank, imperialist, lunatic, and nothing short of Old Nick himself going about among people, deceiving them into thinking he had a magical touch, thereby getting a little psychological effect, but otherwise doing harm.

Many women and a few illiterate men regarded

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him with superstitious awe, and the children became panic-stricken at his appearance, and ran as if greased lightning was after them. Nevertheless, the masses of the chronic-diseased patients, having tried all other treatments, will try a new one. From just such a class he cured many, and established his practice. His fame spread afar, and patients flocked to him from hundreds of miles. Many came to see him through the curiosity to see and talk with the man who could cure disease without medicine, that ancient method known to contain the exclusive charms of healing in existence.

Andrew McLean was soon to realize that, though his new system was the greatest of all ages, it would also be ridiculed and perverted by the old-school doctors until those taking him seriously would not expose themselves to the criticism of public sentiment by patronizing what was termed by them a "fad," "a fake," "a faith cure," "hypnotism," "Divine healing," "a rubbing," "a massage," "a bone-setting," "a what-you-please". If any name or explanation was necessary, the family physician who had been retained for years, and knew everything, could tell you, and would freely cuss and discuss the new kind of doctor. In a patronizing and dignified air, sug-

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gesting a very learned man, he would gush forth thusly:

“Oh, the rubbing doctor? Yes, that rubbing is good for rheumatism and stiff joints. We have always given massage for a few troubles of that kind, but for a crank to claim to treat all diseases simply by rubbing, is the height of folly. Such treatment would endanger the lives and limbs of many persons so treated. It does more harm than it does good, and ought not to be allowed to mislead the people.”

And many thousands who have not the courage to act on their best judgment, not only refuse to concede the merits that are every day demonstrated by the new way, but like the midget dog that joins a pack of pursuing dogs, he lends his little yelp to the chorus of pessimistic prognostication, so intended to quagmire the wheels of progress. Every promulgator of conclusions obtained by diligent application of thought, no matter how correct, if unheard-of before, and placed in juxtaposition to a popular practice dating centuries back, must be branded as an impostor, and the Lord advised to intervene in behalf of the people by removing from their midst so dangerous and obnoxious an agitator. But God seems to have amassed such considerable information bearing on all subjects that He considers himself equal to all occasions, and

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quietly ignores thousands of such suggestions, that if heeded, would in a few days time produce miracles, anomalies, monstrosities, and a chaos in general, insomuch that intelligence would become permanently disorganized through tedious endeavor to conceive of so great a departure from the normal condition of affairs.

Andrew McLean had corresponded during all these times of trials with Annis Gray, and was only endeavoring to be considered worthy before he returned for her. Many times he had thought and wondered if it were foreordained he should be separated from his parents during his infancy, and he should never know who they were. He had written the facts of his life to Annis Gray, and proposed to discontinue practice and hunt up his life's record. She answered him, stating that she would accept his hand on its individual merits, believing beyond doubt his father and mother were honorable beyond reproach, and their records could be looked after at his leisure. Notwithstanding, it had borne on the mind of the boy from infancy up. It was some thing Clyde Russell could use against him, and no doubt had used it against him. Now, since he had succeeded in his practice, paid his debts and had enough to build a little home, it was time to visit Major Gray's. He

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had read in a daily of the St. Louis bank failure, among many others, and had written Annis, but she only wrote what he already knew, that the bank had failed. She made no reference to the sad condition they were reduced to, but his eyes were to be opened soon, for the next day he was speeding toward her as fast as the cars could pull him.

CHAPTER XIII

THE day had been long and lonely; the autumn days had come, when the deciduous foliage changes its aspect from a healthy color of life to a pale, sickly yellow, gold, purplish, getting more sparse as every shiver of wind showered to the earth millions of little rustlers.

The shades of evening began to steal down across the river bottoms as the silhouettes of cliffs grew and grew, and gradually merged into the general darkness that obscured all shadows, into the one great shadow, that had for ages covered the face of the land and sea, until God said, "Let there be light!" The moon climbed up and gently dispelled the ominous conditions and partly converted them into cheerfulness. More shadows were thrown, but weird and uncertain.

A young woman had stood in the evening, viewing the farewell regalia of the foliage, the declining of the sun, and she thought of the passing of her last family tie into poverty and old age, and then of a dearer, fonder hope that she had cherished for years

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—that he who had won her heart and was miles distant, would succeed to his own satisfaction and come back to her. How she longed for him, because she knew he was worthy, and she loved him. She had heard of his troubles, and had suspected the source of some of them. She knew that he would rise above all littlenesses that he had been subjected to and had to contend with. She wondered what he had done to cause the journals to speak of him so often and in such a strange manner. “Curious Healer!” What could be curious about any cure? Why should his cures be noticed and so remarked about? Would he never come?

Again her anxiety returned for her parent, left alone in the world to lean on her, and she to lean on him. They had passed several years since her mother had been laid to rest, and had grown to love each the other more year by year. To-day he had gone to the city. This was the day the bank would pay out its money to the depositors. Poor father had never expected to give up his home at any time. He had inherited it from her grandfather, and it dated back to generations in the family possession. He had been persuaded by some of the stockholders of the bank that it would make the credit of the bank so much



“Don’t you worry, Father.”

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better, and they had all agreed to become individually responsible, but the others had escaped.

There might be trouble in the city today, and she became uneasy. He could not be much longer with her. She looked about her again. The sun was gone; twilight was there. Synonymous with her standing there, peering into the half light, came to her the panoramic fields of her life. Mother was dead; father was old and poverty-stricken; the other—the suggestion left her groping with uncertainty. Would he be able to come to them? She would not write him though, how circumstances had reversed for them. She was too proud; but she prayed for his return. She knew he would come, but they were soon to be subjected to the mercies of the world—one of them old and the other inexperienced.

Late that night Major Gray returned home. His daughter met him, and he could not see the marks of anxiety in her face. She showed the same cheerfulness she always possessed. She would not in any way add to his misery. It mattered not how she must cheer him. That was her duty and her desire. She arranged his meal, and sat down with him to a very late supper after he had rested awhile. The Major ate but little, and they retired into the sitting department.

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“Well dearie,” began the Major, “You don’t seem a great deal troubled now, yet you knew some thing disastrous had happened to us today. Probably you don’t know how serious it is. We are paupers in the world.” He looked straight at her to see the effect his statement had made.

“Don’t you worry, father! I can take care of us both, and we shall never want for anything. My musical accomplishments will be sufficient for us, and I don’t mind not having money. I don’t need it. We will have each other to care for, and God hasn’t forgotten us either. We must remember He is good to give us life and health, and the prosperity of our past. Everything we have called ours was His, only entrusted to us for our convenience, and if we have handled it judiciously and been made better and made others better through having it, then the trust imposed on us has not been misplaced; and if we receive adversity in the spirit that “All things work together for good to those who love the Lord,” then indeed will our God be proud of us, and there shall come a time in my existence when His approval shall be more valuable than the money wealth of the world.”

My dear, you are my mainstay! I never cared though for myself. I have thought of you. It has

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wrung my heart to know you are penniless." I was deceived. It was agreed among us to secure our bank collectively, and I was informed it had been done. I believed I was dealing with honest men, but was badly deceived. Some of the depositors are left as we are. Some poor women went there today to get the money that would keep them from the drudgeries of a servant's life, but when I heard their cries of disappointment go up with those discordant anathemas, my heart went out to them, and I thought: "Poor unsuspecting ones, caught by human wolves! We may be side by side in a machine shop when next we meet." And only that the cause of the disaster was misrepresented to me also, probably I would not, or could not have interfered in behalf of those thieves and the community would have rid itself of some very bad men. But I am glad their blood is not on the hands of our citizens. This has been a day to tempt confidence in humanity, but a Model that stood before us for thirty-three years without sin, and freely forgave the filthiest sinner, is the redeeming feature of man, and one we would do well to imitate. If we unfortunately see our neighbor's mistake, may we not forget we are also human, and have evil in our natures. With all my misfortunes, I am going to cast my lot with your mother. Her life was

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good, and her death was peaceful. Her trust was in Him, and it soothed her last days when her physical pains were almost unendurable. My dear, my days are not many. Let us live as we wish to die. Bring me the Book, and let's forget all but Him. He is my Rock, my Fortress."

Annis Gray brought the book, and the old gentleman read: "The Lord is my shepherd. I shall not want," in a clear, firm voice, yet with a very tender inflection. The two kneeled down together and the father earnestly petitioned the great Monarch of the Universe for enduring grace, and no doubt that unlimited Ruler looked to earth, and was delighted to observe the endearing spectacle of a young woman and her shadowy father extolling His name, and realizing they had been severely tried, He smiled, and the sunshine of His countenance warmed the hearts of His children, whispering to them "Of such is the kingdom of heaven," and guardian angels spread their protecting wings about them, and tears shed there were gathered up as so many jewels to adorn their celestial crowns. The two arose, and bade each other goodnight, and retired, trusting the Lord would do no harm to them. These two people had decided where to look for succor, whether that succor was expected to be a reimbursement of temporal posses-

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sions, or acquirements from the spiritual world, mattered not. At any rate, everything which happened to them henceforth, good or bad, was accepted stoically as if they had divined and approved of the program long previous to its execution.

The home was sold and the proceeds appropriated to the insolvent bank. Some personal property was sold, and a few hundred dollars given to the father and daughter. The two had moved about as if in dreamland. The sale had been brought to a close, the purchasers gone, and with them many of Annis' dear possessions. The home was not a home any more. It was bare and uncheerful now. It had been endurable while so many were there, but now they began to realize they still had a part in the play of life, and must come upon the stage empty-handed, even having been forced to depart with many of their personal possessions, fraught with hallowed remembrances of childhood's happy days. The little sorrel filly that whinnied so often for Annis, and came to eat from her hand, was gone. The stables were empty, the cribs were empty, the fields were naked, the house was barren of all but plain necessities. The desolation of the home so recently overflowing, became extremely oppressive, and the two inmates mutually broke into tears. Momentarily their fortitude

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left them, and they indulged in a human weakness of which even the Saviour himself was guilty. After the flood-gates had been opened, and the tears of sorrow and sadness had freely flowed, a tranquil calm fell on them, and through the grace of God they again resigned themselves to their desolate environments, nor did they give way to despair any more, though they moved from their ancestral inheritance to a humble cottage of three rooms in St. Louis, where Annis taught music in the day, and made garments of dress at night. The Major had become too old to be of any service in life; moreover, his sight had failed him miserably. He had run a little confectionery, and kept journals for sale as long as he could see, but now he never went anywhere unless Annis went with him.

He leaned on her as a child now, and she seemed to be perfectly happy serving him. In fact, her only thought was to smooth his way. Those who had known them all their lives never saw anything more pathetic than the struggle for a respectable existence of the old man and his fair daughter, who had never known what it meant to battle for bread. Yet, never did they forsake the caste of the genteel. They had no companions. Those who would be fit associates they never invited into their home because it was too

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humble, and those that would come were not desired.

One night Annis went to the door to answer a summons. She half opened it and there stood Clyde Russell. She was shocked at his sudden appearance, and involuntarily shrank back. He spoke first. "Will you ask me in or not?" He never knew how much she understood concerning that bank affair. He never thought she knew of his conspiracy against Andrew McLean, for he knew Andrew was not a tale-carrier. But Annis had conjectured much, and never cared to meet him any more.

"No, you will have to excuse us today. Our home is entirely too humble for your presence anyhow."

"Annis, why do you treat me thus? As for the home, any home where you are is good enough for me, but if you don't like your home here, come with me to mine, where you can have everything you need. Not a care shall you have. I have succeeded in life, and it is all for you. Let us share our prosperity together."

He had again had his say. He felt he must speak even if standing in the door. When he had finished, she spoke firmly and positively: "You have for a long time known we have nothing in common between us. You are to me as one dead. I don't believe you are worthy of an honorable woman's affections if she

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were disposed to bestow them upon you. I hope never to see you again."

He stood there stupefied; then flushed with chagrin and anger. He would have retorted back, but the door was shut in his face. Never in his life had he been so insulted. But she should pay dearly for the insult. She should feel his hand more yet than she ever had. He knew where to strike home at her, and would conceal his hand from her no longer. It is surprising how the passions of man can be so suddenly converted from love to hate, and how their pride cries out for some recompense when touched by some slight. He now knew his case was hopeless, but he would exult over his rival a brief period first. He knew just how to proceed against him. With criminal intentions, he went his course, and was back with his practice before he had hardly been missed.

A few more days went by after this little occurrence, and the quiet of the little Gray cottage remained monotonously the same, with the same depression Fate had settled down upon it, when Annis fell sick and their income was no more. The worry of their condition was a greater affliction than the disease. A week went by, and Annis was much emaciated by a fever known as Dengue, but began to recover. Two more weeks passed before she could attempt labor.

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The doctor's bill and the druggist's bill were paid, and more personal belongings had to be sold before the grocer's account was settled. The rent day came around and the rent could not be met. A little hump-backed man with contracted features was the toll-taker, and became very loud when his rent failed to turn up. Annis Gray could do nothing more for a long time, and their landlord became importunate. He had told them they must hunt other quarters if within a week arrangements had not been satisfactorily made. The days went by again, and still the girl was too feeble to resume her duties. The last day of grace had come, when the hateful little landlord would come again, and it was a sorrowful morning for the two feeble tenants. A cold, misty rain was falling. It was gloomy outside and gloomy inside; still the two people sat there, solitary companions in life, expecting the last blow to fall on them that would indeed force them to an alms-house. The mortification to their proud spirits was beyond endurance. In vain, did the old man read *The Book*; in vain did they pray. The cloud of extreme despondence had enveloped them, and they sat in despair, watching the different kinds of people go by. The day-laborer in rough dress, some bareheaded as if to defy nature; vain young men with canes, chainless glasses, kid

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gloves, stiff flat top hats with the latest cut of coats, squeamish women who wore something odd just as people of wealth do, to show the public the liberties money can take, and be considered the proper thing just the same. These classes and many others passed. In fact, there was quite a deal of passing. The wagons were rattling by in the middle of the street, while the pedestrians chose the sidewalks. Down the street came, with the rattle and rumble of wagon travel, the echoing gallop of a single horse. As his hoofs beat a tattoo on the hard street, instinctively Annis Gray looked that way, and listened as the sound became more and more distinct. Then presently, a very round, heavy, red-complected man, mounted on a large gray horse, very much afflicted with Kyphosis, bounced along the street and reined up in front of their building, and looked this way and that way, examining all the houses around. Annis, expecting to meet some one who had mistaken their destination, opened the door to be of some service in helping the uncertain one to familiarize himself with his surroundings. He relieved her of the formalities of the occasion by asking: "Is this where Major Gray lives?" "Yes, sir." "Is this Miss Annis?" "Yes, sir." "Then, I have some word for

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you! I will go to the stable and put my horse up first," and away he rocked on the now pacing gray.

"What a queer fellow, and I wonder what he can have for me! He might have left his word instead of bringing it!" thought Annis. She did not have long to think about his peculiar appearance, for he had returned and came in. She asked him to be seated, and walked a little nearer her father.

"Is this Major Gray? Well, I am John Dudgeon. I have wanted to see you a long time—and your daughter too!"

"Yes; all right. We are at your service, Mr. Dudgeon. Have a seat. I hope you have heard nothing at all mysterious in connection with our names that causes people to become curious to see us!"

"No; Dr. McLean talked to me lots about you, and he said you was not a mystery at all. He says you are a honest man. He says you was robbed. He didn't know you was so poor, till we got here and we drove out to your old home, and he was terribly put out by you all not still living there. We came on down to St. Louis and as soon as he located your house, he told me to come tearin' around here quick and tell you all he was comin' this evening!"

The two listeners had become fascinated with what

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they now heard. Annis was almost overcome with joy, while the old gentleman became more interested in Mr. Dudgeon.

"You say you were sent by Dr. McLean? Do you know him well?"

"Do I know myself? I've been watchin' out after him for years when he never had a gingercake. Now, he can buy me a hundred times. And he knows somethin' too. It was him that saved my little wife's life. I'd say I do know him! He shore cares for you all too, for he had tears in his eyes when he come back and told me to come around here and tell you he was comin'!"

The girl arose, and would have gone out to hide an emotion that shook her frail form, but at that moment a sneering little humpbacked man entered, and taking a retrospection of the few remaining articles of furniture, squinted at the obese John Dudgeon.

"Ho, friend Gray! What have we here? Is my house rented for the quartering of nobles? Indeed, if my house is to be so highly honored, I protest that I should be consulted as to which premise is the most fit to receive his Royal Highness." This was spoken as a piece of sarcastic irony, and was so accepted by the Major and Annis. John Dudgeon's

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enlightenment of figures of any kind was rather limited, but the little hump-back was highly displeasing to him, considering his epithets were just pitched at him, more than respectfully addressed to him. He arose, and towering above the dwarf, volleyed at him:

“You sniveling old wizard! I wonder where you fell from! If you wuz bigger, I’d hook you and my old sway I rode up here, together, and a hustling pair I’d have! What sway would be short on in having his back bent down in the middle, you would make up with your hump! I bet your like aint to be found more than once; what you say?”

“I say you are an idiot, and get out of this house or be put out, whichever is to your liking!”

“To my liking, eh!” Dudgeon’s two big hands fell on the little man and raised him straight up into the air, where he was wiggled about. “What you say now, Mr. Hunch? All them purty things you wuz calling me when you first come in?” Dudgeon dropped him to the floor, and he was considerably shaken up. “If you was a little bigger I’d smack you clean out that door, and show ’bout havin’ somebody put out!”

Annis now interfered. “Mr. Dudgeon, please let us have quiet here. I have not been well for a long

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time, and cannot stand the excitement. Mr. Marg has come to collect his rent, and we are simply not able to meet it to-day. I have not been able to work for several weeks, Mr. Marg, as you know, but please give us a little longer and you shall not lose a cent. I shall pay you every cent as soon as I am able to work."

The man, Marg, had come to order them away, and was now thoroughly wrought up since the enormous Dudgeon had shown him his physical insignificance.

"I am bound to collect my rent! I have put it off before---I can't do that indefinitely! You may find someone that can afford to accommodate you that far. I shall ask you to seek them. Please do not remain here longer!"

"Hold there, Marget! I see you are jest what you look like---nobody. Don't you talk now unless you are talked to; then answer up, or by Jupiter, bang! and nobody can see your head, less they look right down where your feet are now!" and John Dudgeon menaced the man Marg, so powerfully that he felt like he was in the hands of a terrible devil-fish that could squeeze the life out of him.

"How much rent do they owe you? Answer!"

"Ten dollars!"

"Is that it, Miss Annis?"

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“Yes.”

“Then please look in that grip. I believe there is something in there for you!” Annis looked, and took out some ten, twenty and five-dollar bills, amounting to more than a hundred dollars. She was astonished. “Yes, they are yours! Give him ten. Now go, and don’t come back here! If you don’t do just right, and we ever meet again, I’ll wring your neck!”

The landlord was gone. “Where did this money come from? And why was it sent to us, Mr. Dudgeon?” asked Annis.

“You see it was like this. We got here and found out a good deal the Doctor didn’t know, and he seemed all tore up like, and said he was afraid you all wus right in need of something, and told me to bring them bills along, and tell you to look for him right after dinner! You ought to see the Doctor up there at home. People come to see him from way off! He knows somethin’ new about curing sick folks--- I don’t know what it is, but he cures them after the other doctors fail. The doctors don’t none of them like him, and that Clyde Russell and two other fellows would have put him out of business if a fellow hadn’t come along and got two of them tangled up in his coat tail until after the fight was

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over." John Dudgeon told them everything he knew about Andrew McLean. His listeners gave him good attention, for the pall of despair was now gone. The rough, uncultured person of John Dudgeon had lightened their load. He had given just such relief to them as was most needed. John Dudgeon was surely a diamond in the rough. He took dinner with the Grays, and acquitted himself no less distinctively as a packer of provision in general, than the preponderating distension of his abdominal cavity would indicate.

In turning out the samples of mankind, the Creator has ever labeled each little piece so accurately that a close student of character has no occasion of misinterpreting any particular quality possessed. The general form of the subject, the phrenology, palmistry, astronomy, the law of heredity and environment, gesture and speech proclaim to the observant in stronger terms than any language, the good and bad propensities of their fellow-kind. The indexing of the habits, tastes, appetites and other virtues through the mechanism of the human anatomy is rather unfortunate and many times really embarrassing to a subject possessing idiosyncrasies so prominent that even the ignorant read as intelligibly as they would a placard board at the crossing of

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roads. A happy union of the sanguine and lymphatic temperaments, the lymphatic exceeding, relieved John Dudgeon from an extremely morose spirit, for many good dinners with his friends failed to materialize, since hardly any one that had ever looked him over but had rather heir an annuity than provision him twelve months. The most damaging evidence against him was that he never failed to equal expectations, many times gormandizing so prodigiously, as to carry the host from the ludicrous to the pathetic, first wondering in what manner the guest was possessed to effect so rapid a consumption of produce, and a little later advising with himself the repletion of his larder, the perseverance of the guest or the advisability of calling a physician and possibly the coroner.

If the host's peace of mind was so extremely disturbed by the unusual performance of the day, that his uneven sleep brought him visions of his little family circle crowding around him in hunger, while a genial-tempered individual, symmetrical in form, and of a florid complexion, betook himself assiduously to the different articles of food, one at a time, until the last vestige was entirely demolished, and the vampire gloated for more, John Dudgeon suffered no regrets, either physical or mental, and after

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delivering for stomachic operations one of his choice meals, would sit and complacently envelop himself in great clouds of smoke, and when night came, sleep away every minute of it without a single break, unless such a break be the noisome obstructions of the nasal passages, so heart-rending to any other occupant of the room.

In justice to Major Gray, it must be said John Dudgeon found him uncommonly amiable, even when he had eaten beyond all bounds of etiquette, he was heartily encouraged not to desist.

Later, Andrew McLean arrived, and it is needless to say he and Annis Gray were happy to meet again, after so long a separation. The fact that rendered them all happy was, a new home was to be established, and two lives merged into one channel for the common good of each. The Major was to be carried along as an elixir, and John Dudgeon to be served around the premises for a two-fold purpose, one to secure a livelihood for the little curly-hair, and the other purely as ornamentation to the property so fortunate to secure his haunts.

The happy, happy days drew to a close, and the lovers had arranged the wedding day. Andrew McLean was to return for those he loved, and already called his own. They parted at the door, and at the

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same time John Dudgeon came rocking by on the Kyphosed gray. He saluted, and they heartily returned the attention.

"That is the most peculiar man I ever met! Where did you get acquainted with such a man?" asked Annis.

"Very near here! He helped me tighten a plow-line around the reverend Blair once, and has been with me through much of my adversity. In fact, he has helped me through much of it!"

"I would say," broke in the Major, "that while he is a little rough, that he possesses some rare traits -- traits that make an everlasting impression. Truth is, Andrew, he astonishes, amuses, elicits admiration and interests in a hundred ways, thereby giving you a variety of entertainment worth comic opera money any time!"

"Annis, I left on the piano, a little present for you, and also for Major Gray. I must catch my train. Good-bye!"

"Good-bye, Andrew!" spoke the Major, but Annis could not speak. She gave her hand, and tears of gratefulness, of love and sadness gathered together and stifled her sight. He took the little white hand and raised it to his lips, and was gone, and with him her soul.

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When Andrew McLean got to the depot and found his train ready to leave by five minutes; he also saw John Dudgeon a little excited, and seeming on pins; he appeared to be working himself about, entirely too fast for ordinary purposes.

“What are you doing, John?” The question brought him to *terra firma*, again, and leaning toward Andrew, he whispered: “You see that scamp? I want to touch him up one before I go! Don’t you know him?”

“No, I don’t care anything about him. I am not running about looking for trouble. I am trying to keep out of it, which you had better be doing!”

“You see, I can’t quite forget him so easy as you can! He’s the one that pulled half my clothes off, one day, and then clouted me in the nose. That was the day we rode the cars the first time together!”

The bell began to ring, and the conductor called: “All aboard!” and the passengers were loading on. Andrew McLean walked inside and selected a seat by a window on the side next to the platform. He raised the window, and saw a commotion down there. John Dudgeon seemed to be the nucleus. He was hard pressing a railroad official, who was trying to establish peace through the means of a retreat, which he was affecting with as much haste as the

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crowded platform would permit. Nevertheless, he was flanked by his pursuer. In this dangerous position, he felt himself in a vise, while his nose experienced a severe wring, and he was left alone. The train was gone and the assailant with it.

Two weeks after Andrew had returned from St. Louis, his practice had become larger than ever. Some very prominent people from the States had taken his treatment with satisfactory results. His name was coupled with mystery, but it was plain to all that he had cured the sick. So clear was it to the regular physicians that a State Committee was appointed to prosecute the impostor, who was threatening to undermine the whole profession. Dr. Clyde Russell, one of the most influential members of the board, was most influential in arranging the prosecution. The law of the State prohibited the practice of quacks, fakes or pretenders of any other kind, except those graduated from the regular school of medicine. The penalty was a fine and imprisonment that could not be paid off. Andrew McLean was served by warrant accusing him of collecting fees through fraud. The examining trial was had, and the local judge who was afraid not to heed the physicians all over his district, held Andrew over to the higher court. He was not allowed bail, but was placed in prison to await

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action against him, the prejudiced old judge considering him a menace to the general welfare. This was indeed a bitter trial to Andrew McLean, but his friends came to his rescue with gifts and encouragement, and the unprincipled judicial began to be uncertain whether he had taken the popular side or not, but he had taken his stand and must not now acknowledge any regret, thereby discouraging the medical adherents that would assist him to office again. The wedding day dawned, and dawned on a very sad groom. Instead of experiencing the happiest day of his life, he was dejectedly whiling away his precious hours in prison. He had never thought of a cell only as a disgrace to any inmate, but today he stood there as the result of doing only good to suffering humanity. His spirit rebelled at the indignity, and he resolved the more to be a disquieting factor to the fraternity of medicine. No organization should dictate to the public the manner of treatment it should accept for disease. This was carrying the trust policy beyond the limits yet attained. Oil magnates of the Standard Company fought their competitors with money, and though that trust stood for the most completely organized and corrupt of all trusts, yet it had never served injunctions and imprisoned competitors. In the meantime, while ene-

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mies were planning to permanently prohibit the establishment of a system of therapeutics entirely different from their own, Andrew McLean's friends were not idle, and when the day of the trial came, they were there with the best legal talent from four different States.

CHAPTER XIV

WHEN Annis Gray opened the little box on the piano, left there by Andrew McLean, she found a beautiful pearl necklace, and a diamond ring to go with the plain band ring that Andrew had put on her hand. Another package marked "Major Gray" enclosed a nice pipe, some choice tobacco, and five twenty-dollar gold pieces.

"Well," he exclaimed, "nobody can tell where God chooses his men of affairs; nor what kind of apprenticeship he compels them to serve before He considers them ripe enough to bear fruit! That boy's early life was spent amid the most unpleasant environments, and to have looked at the little ragged farmer of "Puddin" Blair's I would never have supposed myself to receive gifts from him that would sustain life, and without them I don't know what would have become of us."

"You must remember the Lord is sustaining us, and many peculiar things may happen, we may never know how."

Early one morning three days later, Annis called



“Two souls were full of tenderness for each other.”

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to the Major: "Father, is that you?" A slight noise had roused her from slumber. As soon as she called her father, a general clatter and bang resulted as a night prowler rushed out through the half open door. Annis sprang out of bed and struck a light. Her father also came on the scene, but the rogue was gone. Annis looked for her necklace and a few little valuables she had hid away. They were all there, but the twenty-dollar gold pieces were gone, together with all the other change that they had. It was a terrible blow, and the girl cried very bitterly from grief. The money was to have been used for wedding preparations, and Andrew McLean knew it would be used so. Now, she couldn't work and have a sufficient amount to have a decent affair. No wonder the poor girl wept. She would not notify Andrew McLean of their misfortune, but would try to some way manage without his assistance. She knew he would come to their relief immediately, but her pride would not permit her to write him. A few days more, and she received the following telegram:

-----, Kansas, Dec. 22, 18---

Miss Annis Gray:---

"Dr. McLean is held here for trial Dec. 24th. Impossible to come to St. Louis. Wishes you present at trial."
"Pingree."

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The telegram was gripped as if in a vise. The girl could not get the full meaning, only that he (Andrew McLean) was to be tried for something, and what could it be? What could he be guilty of having done wrong? She had great confidence in him, and there must be some mistake, but she must be there by all means, but how was she to go there? The money she had would carry her nearly there, but not there. What would she do? She must at any rate, go! She went to her father and told him of the telegram she had received. The old gentleman was very much affected.

"I am very sorry. It is quite a disappointment. I know the boy has not done anything bad; he is the victim of some error. If my estates were still mine, I would go to him at once and stand by him, but I am only a wretchedly poor old man, nearly blind. It is with you to do whatever you think proper."

Annis gathered a few things together, and placing them in a small grip, went to the ticket office, and inquired the distance to -----, Kansas. She found she had not enough money to buy the ticket, but she bought one to within six miles of her destination, and determined to go, no matter if she were compelled to walk. The cars carried her along through wind and falling snow, and before she realized it she had reached her station, and got off in the face of driving snow-

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flakes. It was desperate to think of walking six miles on that winter day, but the traveler was desperate. She must get to -----, Kansas, by night, and it was already late. Drawing her wraps around her, she lost no time on her journey. The first three miles were made without showing fatigue, but another mile and she was tired. Still, she struggled on in the wind and snow for another half mile. The vitality she possessed having never been fully restored since her recent illness, now deserted her entirely, and her slender form sank trembling into a snow bank, and the gusty wind drifted more snow all about her and over her, and the brave and true little soul was left to the mercy of God and the drifting snow.

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CHAPTER XV

ANDREW McLEAN'S prison cell was so gorgeously decorated with presents brought by his friends, and his meals were so delicious, that a degree of comfort was there, even in a cell. The day the telegram was sent Annis Gray by his friend Pingree, was a day of unrest for Andrew McLean. He sent for John Dudgeon, and disclosed his uneasy feeling.

"John, did the telegram go?"

"Yes."

"Did Miss Gray leave on the morning train? Somehow, I feel like she did. That train will be in presently. I will get you to go and meet the train and see if she comes. If she does not get here, telegraph and see if she started. Something may possibly have happened."

John Dudgeon telegraphed to the Union Depot at St. Louis, and luckily a young man was employed there who knew Annis Gray well, and saw her board the morning train. He was told she bought a ticket for a station six miles down the road. He hurried back and told Andrew McLean that Miss Gray's tick-

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et was to Dant, six miles down the road. Confusion and anxiety immediately possessed him.

“John, I don’t know what to think, but you must telegraph and see if a strange young woman got off there and what became of her.”

In a short time John Dudgeon returned with the news that a strange young woman had got off at Dant, and walked on up the railroad track.

“Great God! In this snow? What is the cause of this? Why did she get off there? Go at once, John. How long do you think it has been since she got off there?”

“About an hour, I suppose.”

“An hour in this snow! Go quick, right down that track, and great Lord, look close! She must be helped!” He fell on his knees, and John Dudgeon hurried off down the track. The snow was falling faster, and the wind was piling it in places. It was coming right in his face and he could not see well. Still he would not miss a traveler, unless, and even John Dudgeon strong as he was, shivered to think of a terrible fate: she might have perished from the cold. The thought stimulated him, and he pressed on faster. Suddenly his feet stumbled, and the snow shook from the cold form of Annis Gray. John Dudgeon quickly snatched her from the drift, and pressed a bottle of

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stimulants to her lips. He rubbed the body good and bent all the joints. There was life there. He threw a heavy cloak around her and tied it together, and carried her in his arms to the nearest house, where she was warmed and fully resuscitated. Here he would have left her, but she insisted on being carried on to her journey's end. The farmer hitched to his vehicle and drove them in. They dismounted at the cell, and getting permission from the jailer, they went in. The two lovers fell into each others embrace, and two souls were full of tenderness for each other, which was made perfect when explanations were had from each side.

Two Governors and a United States Senator were admitted a little later, and informed Annis that arrangements had been made to take care of her.

The day of the twenty-fourth was a day of interest to Kansas. Some curiosity seekers were there to see what would be done with "the quack," while the prisoner had many friends who came there to render him all the assistance in their power. Everybody was thinking of the celebrated trial. The hour arrived, and the court was called to order, and the case taken up. The prisoner had sitting near him the pale little girl who had exerted every nerve to get to that trial. The plaintiff led off with Dr. Clyde Russell, Dr.

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Tate, Dr. Gibbon and Dr. Rice, to state that the defendant was getting money under false pretenses, since it was impossible to cure a patient through the use of his methods. They also stated the treatment was dangerous to the patient; that he had no new methods, and that his ignorance had caused him to quit the practice of medicine.

Counsel for the defense asked if they ever saw Dr. McLean give a treatment. The answer was "No." "Do you understand his treatment?" "Yes. From what his patients tell me, he simply rubs, and we as a profession have massaged our patients for several centuries."

"Then you deny that Dr. McLean has discovered any new therapeutical things?"

"Yes!"

"You state he was ignorant, and failed in the practice of medicine. I believe Anatomy and Physiology are more important branches than any taught in the schools of medicine, are they not?"

"Yes. All other branches are based on those two."

"Then isn't it also a fact that Physiology teaches a nerve will respond to mechanical stimulation as it will to chemical and electrical?"

"I believe that is true."

"Is a manipulation by hand, mechanical?"

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"I suppose so."

"Then you are excused."

For the defense, Foraker, Altgeld, Tanner, and other prominent citizens testified that they had seen some wonderfully good results come from the treatment after the "old school" physicians had failed. Dr. Russell was called back on the stand by the defense.

"We wish to ask you if you deny that this treatment can affect a nerve, insomuch that it would induce or check a cough, hiccough, peristalsis, heart beats, nausea, dilate the pupil of an eye, relieve congestion or correct anatomical displacements?"

"I deny the whole!"

"If the court will permit," said the counsel for the defense, "we will demonstrate a few points to this court, and we wish to have the prosecuting physicians present."

The physicians were brought in; also John Dudgeon as a subject.

"Now, your Honor, if the prosecution as well as the Court, will give us careful attention, we will demonstrate a few principles hitherto unknown to the 'old school' doctor. John Dudgeon here amused the court by a continual unwrapping until a great pile of papers were heaped around him, but instead

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of finding it something valuable, which the close unwrapping would denote, he exhibited a cuspidor, and spitting in it as a test of its value, set it down near himself. The judge rapped for order, and addressed the rubicund professor of comedy: 'My dear sir, to say that I am astonished that a man of ordinary intelligence would trouble himself to so securely wrap a common spittoon, and with such cool audacity expose so foolish a whim, is putting my impression mildly.'

"My dear judge, we will yet astonish you more! We ain't played our first card yit, yer honor. All we ask is a square deal."

"Please save your remarks," answered the judge, "Dr. McLean will please proceed."

Andrew stepped forward. "Now, gentlemen of the jury, the prosecution tells you it is impossible to induce cough." Here he touched the recurrent laryngeal nerve, and Dudgeon went into a violent spasm of coughs. "To prove the effect on the special senses through the Superior Cervical Ganglia, I here inhibit the Superior Cervical Ganglia, thereby dilating the pupils of the eyes. The jurors can each see the result." Each juror looked into the subject's eyes, while Dr. McLean induced dilation of the pupils. As the physicians peeped through his windows,

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John Dudgeon menacingly winked and grimaced at what he considered the stupid set.

"If your Honor please, we object to the subject!" exclaimed one of the physicians in question. "We consider this simply a grand fraud exhibited before the Court. We know the subject to have been previously very much associated with the accused, and the cough could have been purely assumed. While we believe from the wonderful control the subject has over his different members, and from having a knowledge of some of his past feats which we pronounce extraordinary, we are also confident from certain facial contortions he has just executed in our presence that he may even be the master of the fake dilation of the eye pupils, therefore we object to the whole process of procuring evidence as incompetent."

"Dr. McLean will proceed if he has further evidence of his theory," announced the judge.

"Then if the Court allows this proceeding, we object to the subject," declared the prosecution.

"Then gentlemen, pick your subject!" demanded counsel for the defense. The most aggressive of the prosecuting physicians stepped boldly forward.

"Let us see what your hypnotism is good for against me! I have been tried before though, I warn you."

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"I don't care to use hypnotism on you; I wish to demonstrate the power of manual treatment of the human anatomy. I shall now induce nausea."

The subject looked up with a quick little start of alarm, but doubting any virtue in the announcement, again settled back confident. A slight treatment in the second dorsal vertebral region suddenly sickened him, and he struggled forth for John Dudgeon's cuspidor, but that worthy, seeing the present embarrassment impending, had already possessed the desired vessel, and referred the chagrined subject to the numerous journals he had brought. . .

"You see arrangements have been made for this very affair. I reckon you can now see the point in bringing this here cussadoor along, can't you judge?"

The nauseated physician vomited profusely, while the crowded court-room roared with laughter. Even Annis Gray smiled at the turn affairs had taken, while John Dudgeon convulsed.

"Judge, fine him for being so general with that hose. I think he's just showin' off anyhow."

"I warn you again to keep your remarks to yourself. As to the termination of these proceedings, I am uncommonly shocked, and I order all such evidence of this kind discontinued," spoke the judge.

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“We will rest the case here,” your Honor!” announced counsel for the defense.

The eccentric little judge read the instructions to the jury as follows:

“Gentlemen of the Jury:—

“The case of ‘The Regular School of Medicine’ plaintiff, against Dr. Andrew McLean, defendant, accusing him of empiricism is undoubtedly one of much interest, and of much moment to the public, as the public must be protected against fakes, frauds, and pretenders who fleece the public for their own nefarious and pecuniary benefits, giving nothing for something, and at the same time subjecting their patients to such racks of torture as to endanger their lives and limbs, through the hitherto unheard-of and peculiar method of treatment, as this defendant is accused of having originated and practiced on those seeking the fountain of health. Therefore, the Court instructs the jury that if, in their opinion, the evidence introduced in this case proves that the defendant, Andrew McLean, is practicing or has practiced, regularly or even a single time, some mysterious method of therapeutics on an innocent public, said treatment being devoid of any curative properties, and moreover fraught with the serious complication of breaking limbs, or endangering the lives of

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the unsuspecting patients, that the Court must find the defendant guilty. Moreover, if from the evidence introduced, they consider the experiment performed here before this Court made possible only through Black Art, Mesmerism, Hypnotism or Clairvoyancy in any form on the part of the operator, or through the ability of the subject, John Dudgeon, (whom I recognize as one of the living anamolies) to conform the special senses into any particular functions he deems judicious, the jury is thereby instructed to eliminate the experiments from the case. But if on the contrary, the jury believes from the evidence that the defendant was practicing any branch of treatment that was meritorious, and the plaintiff having failed to establish the fact that deleterious results have come from his treatment, then the verdict of 'Not guilty' should be rendered. The penalty attached to a verdict of guilty in this case shall be a fine of one thousand dollars minimum, and ten days in prison, or five thousand dollars and six months in prison the maximum, according to your own discretion. The case is with you."

The jury filed out to settle the affair. They returned within ten minutes with a verdict of "Not Guilty!" They were cheered by the assembly.

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The two young people who had been so unmitigatingly tested by adverse circumstances, walked out arm in arm into a world that would henceforth smile on their efforts. The counsel for defense insisted so strongly that suit was brought for damages, and five thousand dollars wrested from the prosecuting staff of physicians. This amount was presented to Major Gray, and his old heart was warmed towards the great little boy, as he had remembered Andrew who had now become famous nationally as a great healer of all kinds of chronic diseases that had proven unresponsive to all other treatments.

When the second wedding day for Andrew McLean and Annis Gray had dawned, there were glad hearts everywhere. Mr. Wilhelm's family would be there, some distinguished patients, and no less distinguished persons than Mr. and Mrs. J. Dudgeon, would, of course, be present. When Mr. Wilhelm's family arrived, there was with them a large broad-shouldered man fifty years of age, followed by a little woman four years his junior, still possessing marks of beauty. Carl Wilhelm led them up to Andre

"Dr. Taylor Rutherford, I present you as a wedding gift your long-lost father and mother—Mr. and Mrs. Abram Rutherford. There is no mistake as

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to the identity of either parents or child. I have sufficient proofs for both."

The positive manner in which this was said admitted of no doubt, and a happy re-union took place there. Afterwards the real family of Moore was exhumed as the ancestral tree. The whole family story was published among those who had been so rash as to accuse Dr. McLean of having sprung from obscurity. "Puddin" Blair served four years in prison for kidnapping.

Adolphus Russell failed in business and lived on the charity of his son. Dr. Russell never again took the trouble to annoy Andrew McLean. To be sure that such an annoyance would not again be given his great friend, John Dudgeon meeting him one day, addressed him thus: "Just a minute. I hope it will never be necessary for me to speak to you again. I just want to say, try to be somebody, and maybe you can yet. Mr. Wilhelm and me has found out you was at the bottom of all that trouble Dr. McLean had when he first come here, and we found out you hired a scoundrel to steal that money from Major Gray's, but we won't tell Dr. McLean, because we believe he would kill you, and we don't want him to be troubled with no such fellers as you. But I am authorized to say, we hold it against you for good conduct from

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you, and the first time you break over I am going to ask Dr. McLean to let me wear your hide off. Then if you do any more, I'll tell him what you've done all along, and that will be the end of you!"

The Doctor thought this was valuable information, and acting thereon, stayed on his side ever after.

Many schools of the new treatment have since sprung up, and three children, two boys and one girl, are teaching the principles their father launched forth for the relief of the suffering. All but five or six States have regulated the practice and put it on a professional basis with the "old school" system, and it is patronized by millions of the afflicted. The originator still lives at a ripe age, and prides to see the infant science he fathered become one of the most powerful of all therapeutical agents. His estate has long ago grown into the value of a million dollars. It now never seems that during one period of their lives that Providence had passed them through a very trying ordeal.

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